



Daniel in the Lion's Den

Came out unharmed!

THIS WAS A MIRACLE!!!



YOU

Will feel better if you take a

75c LUNCHEON

or

\$1.00 DINNER

at

Ye Rose Tree Den

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Phone 700

Holyoke, Mass.

Landlady—Sorry, but the coffee is exhausted
Weary Stude—I'm not surprised. It has been
very weak lately.

—Gargoyle.

“Are you Mrs. Pillington-Haycock?”

“No.”

“Well, I am, and this is her pew.”

—Princeton Tiger.

“Get the Habit.”

LUNCH AT THE LUNCHEONETTE

SODAS = = SUNDAES

CANDIES

Page & Shaw, Durand's, Crane's

KINGSLEY'S, Inc.

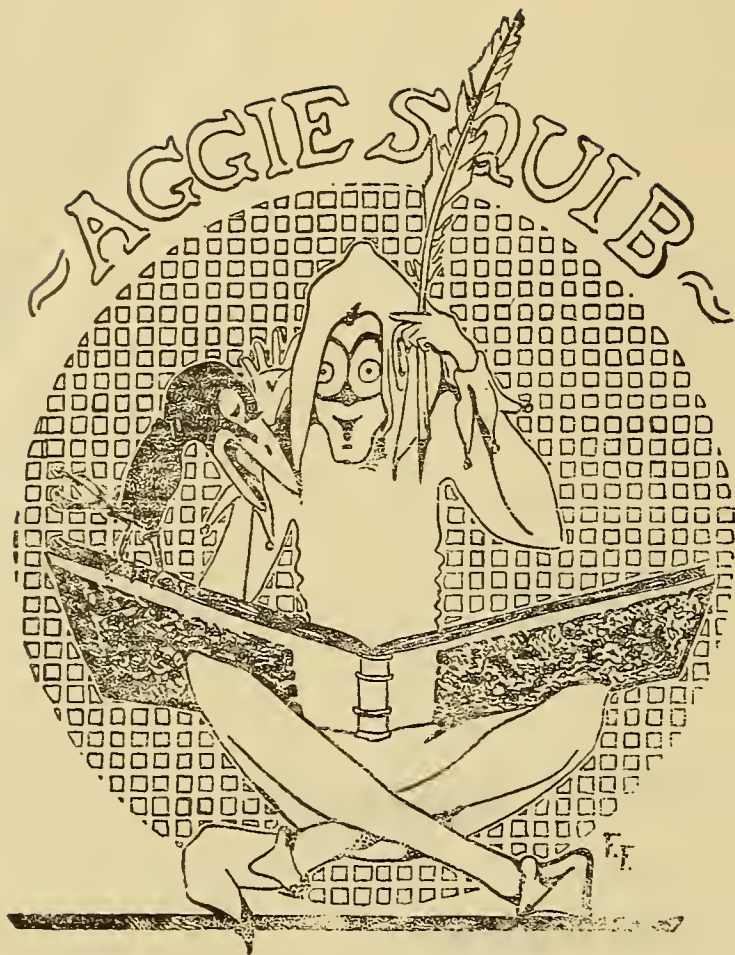
The Attractive Store

140 Main St. Northampton, Mass.

CO-OPERATE WITH THE BOARD AND PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

Foreword

The wisest men
That e'er you ken,
Have never deemed it treason,—
To rest a bit,
And jest a bit,
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit,
And chaff a bit,
And joke a bit in season.



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE.

Editor-In-Chief,
JOHN A. CRAWFORD.

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Vol. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

No. 1

BACK from the land of oblivion—away from the suppression of war-time necessities—out from the multitude of dead activities, Squibby has returned. Even as Richard-The-Lion-Hearted was found by a song in the prison of a disdainful enemy, so was Squibby's plaintive appeal for audience heard from among the dull walls of care.

His ransom was collected on subscription blanks. His passage back was paid in prank and jest. Now he faces for the first time since December, 1917, the Aggie student body. He

greet his old friends, and makes acquaintance with the new faces.

Squibby wishes to thank all who have made his reappearance on this campus possible. Without the unquestioning support of those who dared to sign the subscription blanks, he could not have been without the means of returning.

In return for this trust, Squibby promises to place before the student body the best of wit that can be found, on this campus, on other campuses, and in the country at large.

ON the cover of this issue, there appears a question mark. It is the sign of the times.

The question mark is the cloud on men's visions today. With minds stimulated by war's emergencies, men are beginning to look critically at existing institutions. Governments are not satisfied with the examples of past administrations. They are pondering upon newly aroused doubts. The legislature is the storm center of a thousand schemes for betterment. The executives clamor for more power. The court even, the mirror of the law, shows ideals only partially carried out.

Even educational institutions of the country, of all institutions the most difficult to change, are falling within the kindled scrutiny of dissatisfied society. Methods of instruction, subjects in the curricula, competency of teachers, requirements for entrance, classification for entrance, are all being considered in a new light. The question mark bores more and more deeply.

But what is this question mark that is being applied? It is not merely a question of wages, of adjustment of hours for work and play, not merely of assignment for study and recitation. There is a question of principle, of basic, bedrock, fundamental, principle, that looms before men. Men are testing their relations with one another on the basis of "Is it right?"

Probing for a foundation for living is not a fad. Men will continue to question for sometime to come. Not until the problem is solved to the satisfaction of all, or until men tire of the subject, will there be a dimming of this x-ray on society.

The class of men that is best able to keep alive the subject of "Is it right?" and at the same time is able to mold the experience of nations and the knowledge of ages into an answer to the question, is the class of college men. With the end in view of some day pressing out the nation's difficulties, the college man does well to look about him and question what he sees. Does he himself think? Does he have time to think? Do professors, who are preparing him that he may solve the question, "Is it right?" make him think? Does the administration of the college offer courses that train him to think, or that even allow him to think? Or is college merely a place to rake up the dry leaves of information?

The student may consider not only his scholastic relations in college life but also his social relations. Is the basis of initiation and the training of freshmen for the support of college activities founded on the right principle? Do classes maintain toward each other relations depending on relative merit or upon priority of arrivals? Does the student government use policies because they were used before or because they are policies best adapted to the situation?

There are questions to be answered by the college man concerning this college life. He should learn to answer them while he may be directed by older minds in the exercise of judgment. College men, are you abreast of the times in considering the advantages offered by your college on the basis of the right principle?

S ? S

IN A ROADSTER.

?

He—Mm-mm?

She—Mmm.

Brakes.

?

—Ex.

THE SQUIB

WILL YOU MEET THEM?

Someone told me
 * * *
 This story about Aggie:
 * * *
 A stranger entered our campus
 * * *
 And he saw
 * * *
 Some Aggie students.
 * * *
 There were Freshmen and
 * * *
 There were Sophomores and
 * * *
 Juniors and Seniors.
 * * *
 He felt out of place—
 * * *
 That he didn't belong
 * * *
 In that crowd.
 * * *
 He had only taken
 * * *
 About three steps
 * * *
 Beyond the first numerals
 * * *
 When someone said "Hi,"
 * * *
 And before he realized it
 * * *
 He answered "Hi."
 * * *
 A little further on
 * * *
 He met some more students
 * * *
 And they all said "Hi"
 * * *
 And his heart thrilled
 * * *
 As he answered "Hi,"
 * * *
 And he thought
 * * *
 He was in place
 * * *
 And he belonged.
 * * *
 And a Freshman
 * * *
 Saluted him
 * * *
 And he felt sure
 * * *
 That he belonged
 * * *
 And he felt good.
 * * *
 He talked with a Senior
 * * *
 And the Senior found he was
 * * *



Coed Queen

A graduate of Otty-Notty
 * * *
 And the Otty-Notty man said
 * * *
 One thing
 * * *
 Didn't seem natural—
 * * *
 So the Senior asked
 * * *
 "What is that?"
 * * *
 And he answered
 * * *
 "Everybody says 'Hi'
 * * *
 To everybody else
 * * *
 Except the Co-eds."
 * * *
 Are the Co-eds bashful
 * * *
 Or are the boys?

\$300.00 REWARD \$300.00

Will the person who removed the grand opera cat from our midst please call at Squibby's office and receive the unbounded admiration and cheer of the sleepless sufferers? A reward will be given to anyone producing evidence to convict whoever was responsible for the cat in the first place.

◆ ◆ ◆

TAKE HER, QUICK-

She said, "I must ask papa," so I telephoned him. I said, "May I marry your daughter?" he says: "Certainly, who are you?"

◆ ◆ ◆

BY WEIGHT-

'23—Which will you have, apple pie or pumpkin?

'23—Which is the largest?

◆ ◆ ◆

HAD A CLINCH TOO.

Poor Supporter—How did the informal come out?

Social Light—There were several hand-to-hand encounters.

◆ ◆ ◆

AT ANY HOUSE.

Student—"How much for a room?"

Housekeeper—"Two dollars up."

Student—"But I am a student."

Housekeeper—"Oh, well two dollars down."

◆ ◆ ◆

AGGRAVATION.

Lady to boy with catapult—"That's a thing I never could do—hit a harmless little bird."

Boy—"I can't either."

—American Boy.

◆ ◆ ◆

13:52 Z. M.

1920—"What's the latest fiction you've read?"

1921—"The C. V. time-table."

◆ ◆ ◆

A MATTER OF CHOICE.

A woman asked a very busy car conductor at which end of the car she should get off.

"Either end, mum; both ends stop."

◆ ◆ ◆

MOST ECONOMICAL DEGREE.

Neighbor—So your son got his B. A. and his M. A.

Father—Yes, but his PA still supports him.
—Ex.

DISILLUSION.

Small—What is the difference between a vision and a sight?

Talk—Before you marry a woman she is a vision.

Small—Yes?

Talk—And after you get her she's a sight.

◆ ◆ ◆

AMEN!

One evening her father came suddenly into the parlor while they were both sitting on one chair. He said: "When I courted my wife, she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." The young man replied: "If I had been courting your wife, that is what I should have done, too."

◆ ◆ ◆

POOR THING!

He—I hear you are engaged.

She—Yes; I suppose a lot of men will be made miserable when I marry.

He—Why, how many men are you going to marry?

◆ ◆ ◆

NO JOKE EITHER.

First runner:—What place did you draw?

Second—They were not giving them out when I came in.



GRAFTED.

Fresh—Do they raise peaches on the Mt. Holyoke farm?

Junior—A few, but those usually pair off.

THE SQUIB

POOR RETURNS.

Jim—Why is the leading lady in such a temper?

Jams—She got only nine bouquets over the footlights.

Jim—Great Scott! Isn't that enough?

Jams—No; she paid for ten.



DIVISION OF LABOR AND LAND.

Hubby—When I go to heaven I'll find out if Bill Shakespeare wrote all his own plays.

Wifey—But suppose Shakespeare isn't in heaven?

Hubby—Then you find out.



THE HORRID THING.

He—Then your refusal to marry me is final?

She—Absolutely. Shall I return your letters?

He—Please. There's some good material in them that I can use again.



WASN'T THAT THE IVORY ONE?

"Ma, when was your wooden wedding?"

"It was when I married your father, Bobby!"

—Cartoons Magazine.



TRADE HER IN, SON.

Bill—I hear you are divorcing the partner of your joys and woes.

Fred—Yes, that's true.

Bill—I always thought you had a model wife.

Fred—Yes, but she's an 1873 model.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a diplomat says yes, he means perhaps.

When he says perhaps, he means no.

When he says no, he's no diplomat.

When a lady says no, she means perhaps.

When she says perhaps, she means yes.

When she says yes, she's no lady.



Briggs had been knocked out by an automobile, and when he regained consciousness several days later he claimed to have been in heaven.

"How did it impress you?" asked a friend.

"Well," was the answer, "I was surprised at some who weren't there, secondly I was surprised at some who were there, but most of all was I surprised at being there myself."



THE IRONY OF FATE.

Nice Old Lady—Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes "The Mother's Page" every week in your paper is in; I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hours in the Nursery."

Office Boy—That's him over there with the pink shirt, smokin' a pipe.

—Minneapolis Tribune.



ALL STUCK UP!

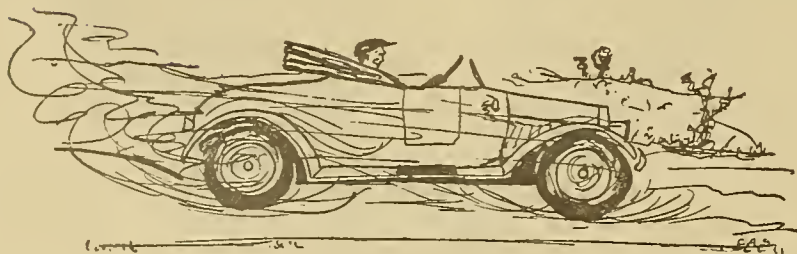
She laid her head upon his breast,

The color left her cheek;

But on the collar of his coat—

It stayed there for a week.

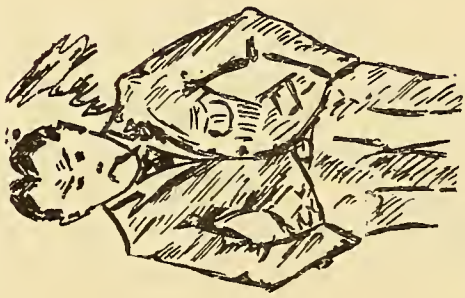
ALUMNI



AS WE SEE THEM



AS THEY ARE

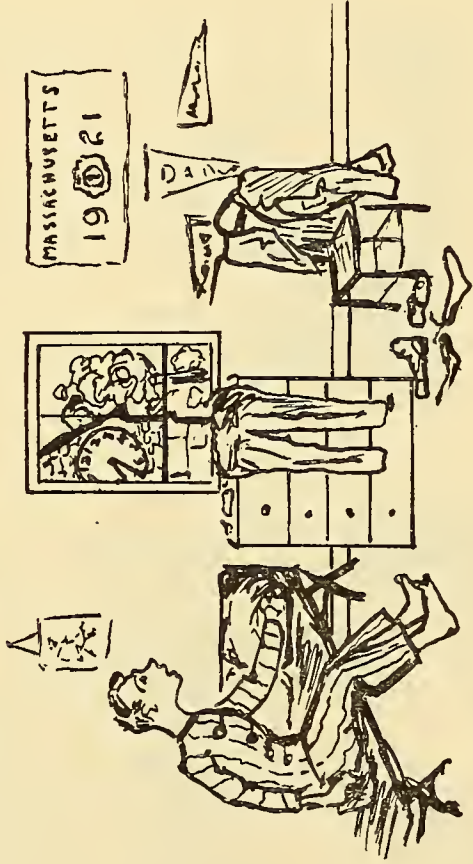


How are you gonno

Wet your Whistle?



What are you going to do
with the guy who sings
when you want to study?



How are you gonno get to chapel?

???

KAMPUS KWESTIONS

???



Her Herdy!!

DONT CLOSE THAT DOOR!



ELITE CLUBS



THE HOMESICK FROSH

Yobby, '21

!!!

KAMPUS KALAMITIES

!!!



EVASIVE.

A Dutchman was once up on the witness stand, giving testimony for the defense. The questioning on the opposite side began something like this:

"Now, Muller, what do you do?"

"Vhy, I vork—"

"But where do you work?"

"Vhy, er, at a bench."

"Yes, but where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"Do you make bricks in the factory?"

"No, the factory is made of bricks."

"Now listen, Muller, what do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no, what does the factory make?"

"Oh, I dunno, a lot of money, I t'ink."

"Now here, Muller, what kind of goods does that factory produce?"

"Oh," said the German, "good goods."

"Yes, but what kind of good goods?"

"Der best."

"The best of what?"

"Uf dose goods."

"Your Honor," said the lawyer wearily, "I give up."

S ? S GEOGRAPHICAL.

Hungary?

Yes—Siam.

Alright, I'll Figi.

S ? S.

A proud Bostonian had been trying to impress on a visitor who happened to be a very learned descendant of the Indians, the fact of his ancestry. Impatiently he exclaimed:

"Why, sir, you do not seem to realize that my ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"Yes," said the Indian, "But you do not seem to remember that my forebears were on the receiving committee to meet them."

S ? S

Whiskers and spectacles—I am tempted to give a quizz today.

Aspirant for the same—Yield not to temptation.

S ? S

SOME SATISFACTION.

Prof.—All mathematicians are abnormal

Hollow sound from the rear—Gee, I'm glad I did not pass trig.

S ? S

LITERAL.

Mrs. X, (returning home)—Mercy, however did the child get that awful bump?

Green Girl—You told me to let him play on the piano, and he fell off.

—Boston Transcript.

APOLOGIES.

Blessings on thy cheeks of tan,
Oh summer girl, hast caught thy man?

S ? S

NOT BY HEREDITY.

"She gets her complexion from her mother's people."

"Ah, indeed! Are they chemists, then?"

—Blighty, London.

S ? S

GOOD AND SOLID

"Now Hugh," said the mother to her five year old son, "You take baby Buddy down to Grandma's with you and get some milk for Buddy's lunch. Grandma will give it to you, she has a pitcher."

After a long absence, the pair came toddling back to the house.

"Where is the milk, Hugh?" asked the mother, "Didn't you go down to grandma's? What will Buddy do for dinner?"

"Yes, mamma, I went down to Grandma's, but I felt of Buddy's stomach and didn't think he needed any milk."

S ? S

Did you ever see a number eight hat?

Sure, I fell in one once:

S ? S

YOU JUST BET

"The time will come," thundered a suffragist orator, "when women will get a man's wages."

"Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat of the car, "next Saturday night."

S ? S

EVEN NOW

He—"Are you going to give me a kiss to-night?"

She—"No, not tonight."

He—"Then you'll give me a raincheck for one—?"

She—"No, I'll give you a sugar card."

Try it.

S ? S

DILUTE!

Boyle—Where does the jelly-fish get his jelly?

Blister—From the currents in the ocean.



APPLIED SCIENCE

"It's strange," said Mike, "the different names they have for these little bugs. In Germany they call them Germs, in Paris they call them Paris-ites, while in Ireland we simply call them Mike-robos."

S ? S

COULDN'T HE USE THEM

The man was about to die in the hospital, and he was informed of his coming journey.

"You may send three words to your relatives by cable if you wish," said the doctor of the ward. After much thought the private asked that the following message be sent to his wife:

"Don't send skates."

S ? S

CIVILIZATION REACHES OUT

The two Irishmen had not been on the American coast long enough to spend all their money, and they were still in their fine room on the top floor of the Broadway Hotel. They were not acquainted with the fire-fighting apparatus used in this country.

About three in the morning when things were fairly quiet, they were awakened by the clanging of fire bells and the screeching of the fire engines. Pat went to the window to investigate the source of the trouble.

Just then two steam fire engines rumbled past belching smoke and flames, and shooting sparks. Pat saw his doom approaching and called to his companion, "Oh, Mike, wake up quick, they're carting Hell up here, two loads has just gone by."



ONE FEATURE OF THE JUNIOR TREE PLANTING WE PROBABLY WONT REVIVE



BILLY:—DO YOU GET THAT,—HUH?

Heard:—Young man, Professor Todd of Amherst College is trying to attain an altitude of 35,000 feet with a balloon, but you are certainly up higher in the air right now than that,—Huh?

S ? S

BACK IN S. A. T. C. DAYS

Officer:—"Have you mopped that floor yet?"

Private:—"No."

Officer:—"No, what?"

Private:—"No mop."

(Moral:—7 days' C. B.)

S ? S

\$ AGAIN \$

The Pastor—So God has sent you two little brothers, Dolly?

Dolly (brightly)—Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from. I heard daddy say so.—Dallas News.

S ? S

A sign in a Western city restaurant reads: "Ask for one lump of sugar only. Stir like hell. We don't mind the noise."

S ? S

ABOUT TIME

Great minds run——.

He wakened up with a quick start and turning to his neighbor queried, "What is the lecture about"?

With a sigh of relief the other student replied, "It is about over."

S ? S

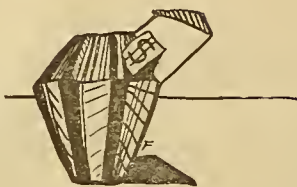
HE WANTS SHORE LEAVE

In a transport going over, one negro trooper said to another very sick boy: "Look out dere, look out dere and see dat sailboat!" "Don't you call me for no sailboat, nigger," came from the sick fellow, lying with his head on his arms. "Don't you call me at all unless you sees a tree."

—Everybody's



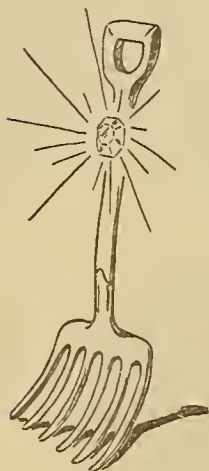
To tell father about



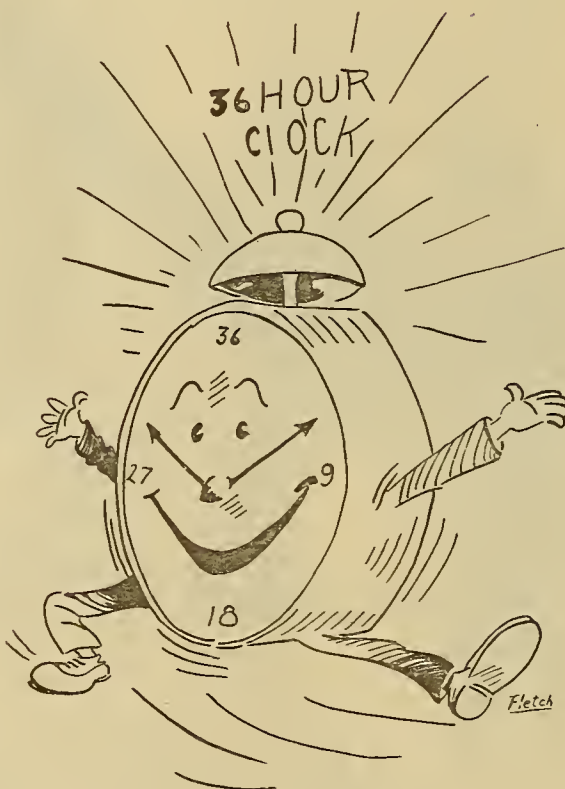
Next term



Increased capacity



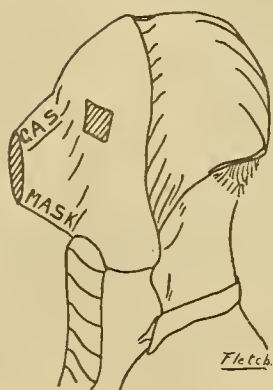
For the multitude
of arguments



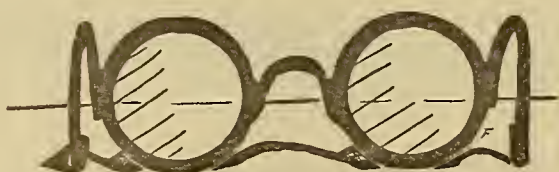
Extra hours for dates



Names of them, see page 657821



For dense atmosphere



To see thru the mud

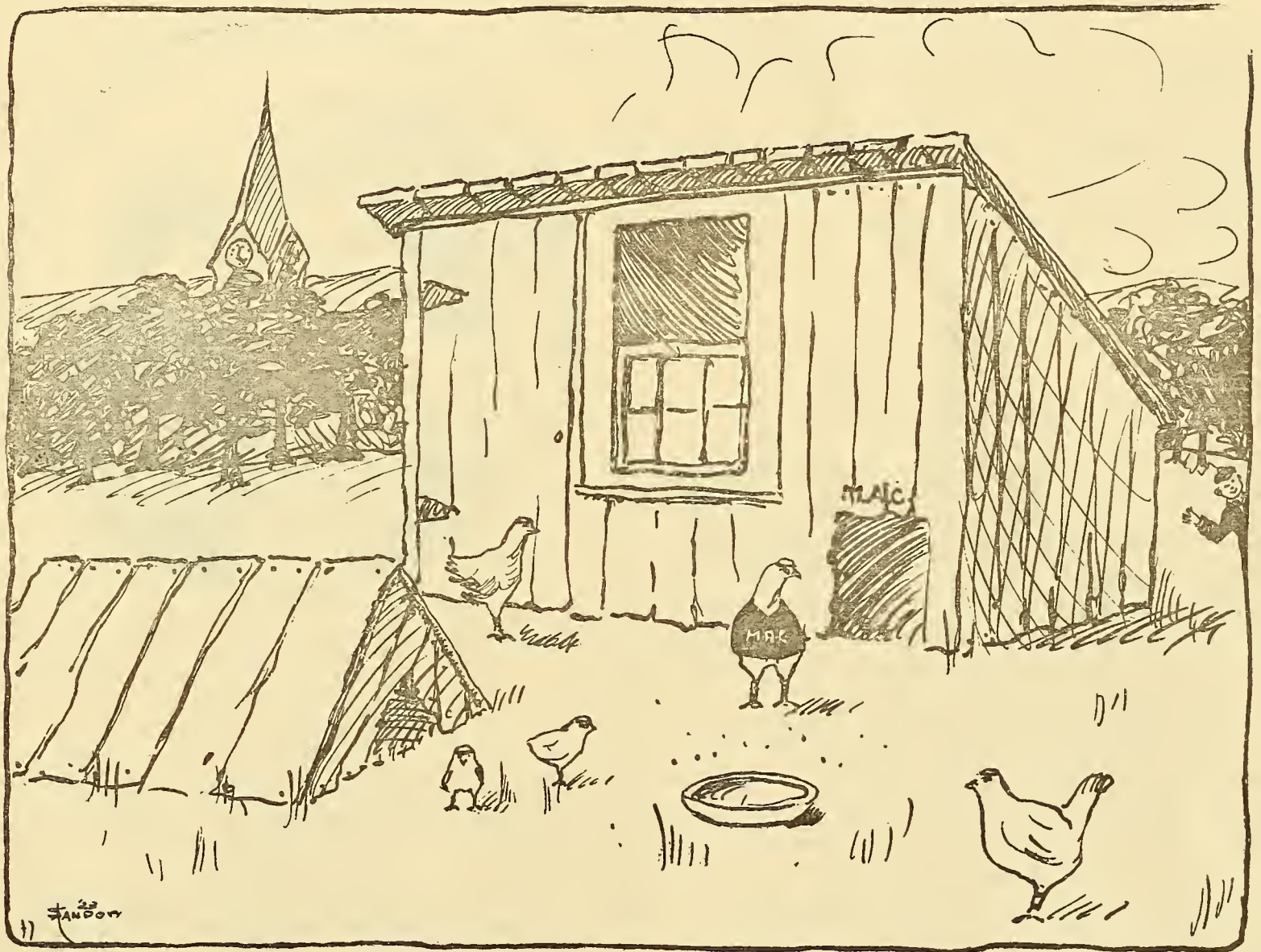


The middle of the night



One ton to a tablespoonful of talk

RUSHING SEASON
Supplies for all



THE NEW CO-ED DORMS

S ? S

ONLY WAY TO GET HIM BACK

Ex-Looie—"Let's sing 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia'."

Ex-Buck—"No, indeed, that's where I trained."

S ? S

STILL IN EXISTENCE

Join the Carry-'Em-Out Club!—Dues ten dollars a quart.

S ? S

SOME FEAT!

"I fell over twenty feet the other day and did not get hurt."

"How was that?"

"I was the last one in for chapel and sit in the center of the row.

S ? S

APPROPRIATE MUSIC

"Can't you play something else than that everlasting 'March' from 'Lohengrin' at my wedding?" asked the several times grass widow, who was arranging for another of her matrimonial events.

"Certainly, madam," responded the courteous organist. And as the bridal courtege wended its way down the aisle the church shook to the thundering forth of the popular classic. "Over and Over Again!"

—Pittsburg Commerical Telegraph.

S ? S.

She—A horse ran away with my brother and he wasn't out for two months.

He—That's nothing. My brother ran away with a horse and he wasn't out for five years.

OF COURSE

Daughter—"Father, James kissed me on the cheek tonight."

Shocked Minister—"And what did you do, my daughter?"

Innocent girl—"I turned the other cheek, Father."

S ? S

BETWEEN FRIENDS

He died at the age of eighty-three, a victim of most acute rheumatism. So great had been his affliction, that he had been doubled up permanently for the last ten years. The undertaker was forced to brace the body with a stick across its chest to make it lie flat in the coffin. The old man's closest friend was watching at the wake, reading to pass the time more pleasantly. The cat, who had been excluded from the house for the time of the wake, had managed to climb to the parlor window-sill in her efforts to enter the house. She jumped from the sill to the coffin and then to the floor but she dislodged the stick in doing so. The body of the old man sprang up to a sitting posture. His friend noticed the change, and he soothed the old cripple—

"That's all right, Jim. You just lay back there and I'll put the cat out."

S ? S

CHEERFUL

The old lady's relatives had just propped her up in a chair. They knew that she had only a few months more to live, and they wished to make it as pleasant for her as possible. The young clergyman and an aged friend of the same profession called. On being introduced, the old preacher asked in a heavy monotone, "And are you waiting for the rest that remaineth?"

S ? S

Just out of Normal School—"And children, you know a rhinoceros has an armored hide—"

Bad boy of the class—"And a kitten has a periscope."



S ? S

SHE KNEW BOTH

The enthusiastic hostess was doing her best to picture the beautiful scenes at sunset after the shower.

"It was all lavender and blues," she raved to the intent listeners, "and there were streaks of bright red and crimson and blotches of orange reflection from the sun behind the clouds. Why!" she said, "It looked just as if heaven and hell met."

S ? S

AT THE SEED STORE

Customer—"Give me a quart of winter rye."

Alarmed Storekeeper—"Eh,—not so loud, where is your bottle?"

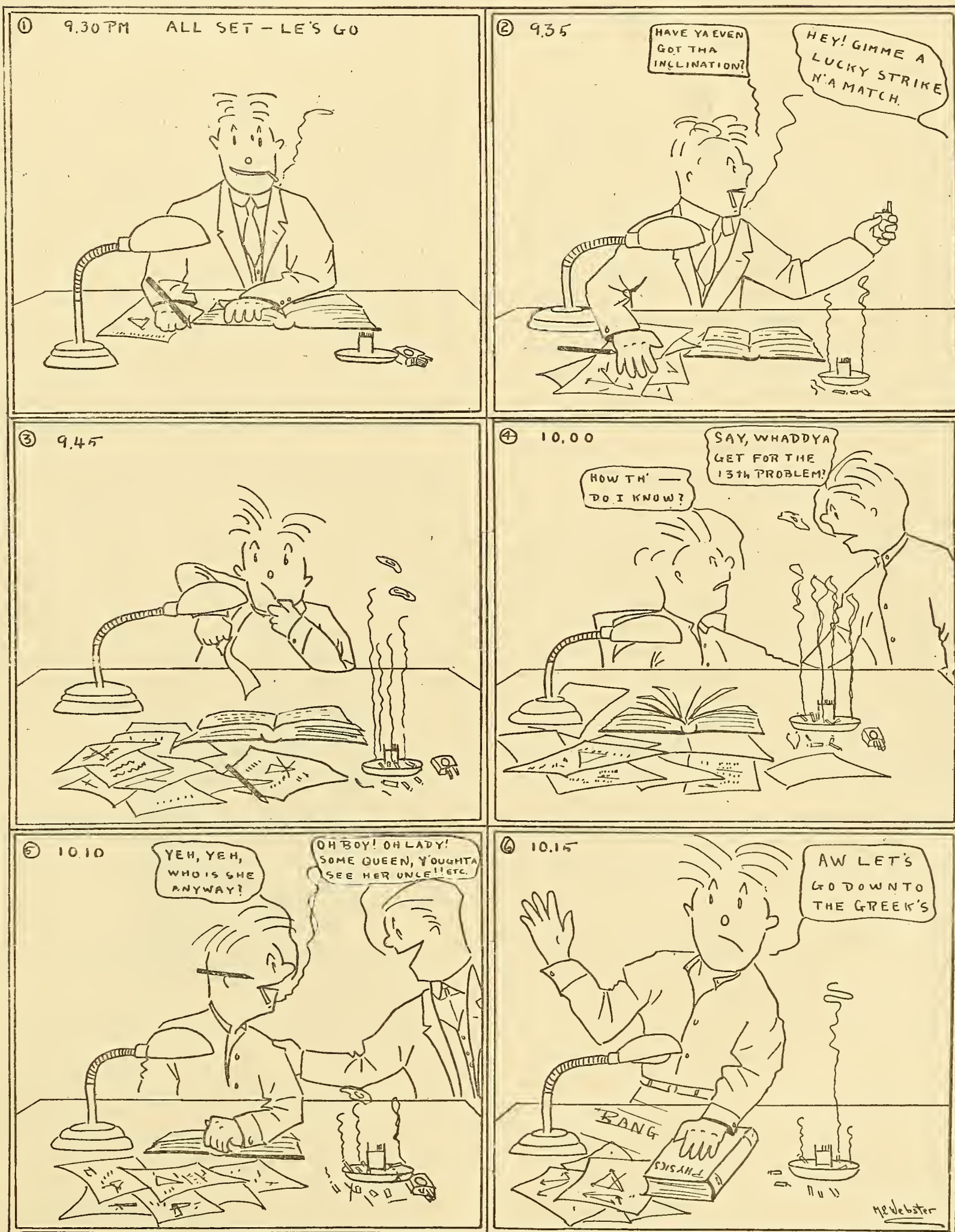
S ? S

AT THE COUNTRY STORE

Mrs. Hobbs—"Have you any of that red flannel left, Mr. Tuttle, the kind I bought last week?"

Storekeeper—"Wal you see, Mrs. Hobbs, we sold all we had of that flannel, and we sold it so fast that we thought we wouldn't git any more. It won't keep long enough."

MOVIES OF A MAN STUDYING? PHYSICS



THE SQUIB

THE RURAL PROBLEM Rural Sociology Applied

Lacizid, Mane.
Orgust 29, 1919

Dere Lize,

In ovr midst today, ther has ben considerabel disconcertment. Up to the depoe they wuz a i ever see. IT WAS ORFUL TO THE REPUTASHUN OF THIS HERE LAWD ABIDIN COMUNTTY. But she was doled upfit to killa moose. She wor a hat sech as hirim absorbs his swet in when hes hayin. And the huzy hadsum of thes here yeller flouers stuck init to keep the sun offn her fase iguess. butnobody cud se herface cuz she must hav fel in the flouer bag when she wuz baking. Id a thot she wood a atleest brusht herself orf for comin tosich a publik plase. And she had on mocasinslik my boy Exzema wuz fer havin hiz pa by fer him up to town yistaday. if my feet wuz so big ez ter fill them napsaskqs, i-d go ter China and get em shrunk. An too pares of stockins and one of em didnt com only harf up to her knez, she probly hed hols in others an wuz to lazy ter darnem And they wuz read like Exzemas nek when he gits swimin in and sits on the rocs and gits burned lik a lobstr. The other stockins wuz pink and so shaller i codnt tell ef she had her legs cuvered or not when i first see her. And ill tell parson Hobs when i see him, thet the critter had on pants jest like them as i used ter make fer Exzema fore he got tu old for em. My boy Exzema put on his farthers long trousers what wuz wore out at the kneez when he wuz 13. He wuz inthe 6th grad of scool then, you remember when Missus ben Stall kep scool upon the hil? She said my boy Exzema wuz the smartest boy on his rung of the ladder as she calledit They wuz only 1 other boy in his grad and everybody said he wusnt all ther in his hed. Oh mercy thers my cake burnin, Im always fergetin that cake, it ought ter be dun, its been inover an our now.

Well, i wuz just in time, taint burnt on top at all. What wuz we saying? o yes that shamles woman i see down to the depot. Yesm she had on pants and they waz full like a potato sac and they only come down to her kneez. Ishall git the ladies' aid sassiety ter make her a skert long enough to reach her ankles.

And she hed on a salors blouse with a hankerchief tyed round her neck that was the culer of Sadie's flox, you know them flouers by the wall

wher you turnd up the driveway to the barn, well it wuz that culer. And then she hed a piese of a sweter she must a been nittin ever sins the war wuz on and it wuz purple like what is in the window buhind the pulpit. And gluvs whit e kid gluvs jest like that rich lady that come home frum the city with Anny Merkles gal. But the poor thing had a red candel in one hand and a gold heded umbrella in the uther. I spose she wuz lookin for a feller to take to a dance and she had the umbrella to kepe the wick dry. I dont know ef she had it lited, lemme see well she must a hed it lited, cuz no bodyd cary a candel around unles it wuz lited, Im positive it wuz lited. But i dont see why she wanted a candul in broad dalite for, it wuz the midul uf the afternoon and the sun wuz shinin. An goodnes me, fergot ter tel about her garters, They wuz pinned around her leg down by the top of herboots rite in plain site of thet feller what gite the ofn the car. I woodnt a had My boy Exzema see n them ef i d hed ter given her my petticoat ter cover up with. I dont think he d lookd anyhow. Hez a good boy. He goez to camp meetin down to the campground and he prays so long nights thet he didnt git home 1 nite til most 10. Farther said he wuz out walkin with thet Belcher gurl, But I bont beleev Exzema d kep cumpny with nun a them Belchers, they only got 46 akers. I dont know wher thiswoman down to the depoe went, i wuz so sic to my stumic that I daresnt stay any longer and Hirim hed got his oats enyway, and the smel uv powder on the woman wuz makin me sic. But when Hiram seen he wuz fer lookin at al the frate ter see ef ther warnt sumthin fer him, and he kep lokin at her so meny times I wuz affrade thet she wuz makin eiz at him. So called him an he cum kwick when he see me git down outn the wagon with the whip. Hirim says ge fergot sumthin but i sez he cood git it when he took the milk down in the mornin I wuznt goin ter have him goin to the depoe with a ½ dressed huzzy. I KNOW Hirim.

Wel, i hope she dont cum agan, the toun s got a black name now You shoold a seen the peepul lookin out the the windoes of the cars and they will tell up at the county seet thet our chapter aint dooin its wurk by the poor and needy. And Lize you kno w we are, so dont let the awful gosips what wuz on the trane say a wurd agin Lacizid. Be a good girl.

With many teers at yur abses in the leg i am
yur old nabor,

Jawn.

It seems that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "How you like it down thar?"

"Oh boy, this am some place," replied Rastus. "All we haster do is wear a red suit wif horns, an' ebry now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don' hab to wuk fo' mo' dan de two hours out ob ebry twenty-fo' down hyar. But tell me, Sam, how is it wif you up yander?"

"Mah goodness. We has to get up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' and gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul down de moon and hang up de sun. After dat we has to roll dem clouds aroun' all day long."

"Why—why lookyer, Sam, how comes yo' has to work so turrible hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kind er short on help up liyer."



Gos—"Why they say that she was completely carried away by him."

Sip—"Well, he must be a good deal stronger than he looks."

S ? S

Edith stood before the glass,
Her little eyes shut tight—
She was trying hard to see
How she looked asleep at night.

S ? S

EUGENICS

Prof.—"What does the marriage cell contain?"

Bright Spot—"Twin beds, I guess."

S ? S

BOBBIE KNEW

The teacher in natural history had received more or less satisfactory replies to her questions, and finally she asked:

"What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

Long silence, then a hand waved.

"Well, Bobbie, where is it?"

"The home of teh swallow," declared Bobbie seriously, "is in the stummick."

S ? S

Prof. to boy chewing gum—"Quid est hoc?" tapping the bulging cheek.

Boy—"Hoc est quid."

S ? S

UNANIMOUS

It was a mile over Mount Clemens.

The pilot of the plane from Selfridge Field was giving a visiting officer his first air voyage.

He cut off the motor.

"See those people?" shouted the pilot. "Fifty percent of them think we are going to fall."

"They've got nothing on us," was the reply that streamed for half a mile back of the plane. "Fifty percent of us do."

—Ex.

S ? S

DISCRIMINATION

Scribe—"The editor of the Squib turned down a bunch of jokes that I sent in."

Poet—"That's nothing I have had stuff refused by the best editors in the country."

THE SQUIB

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Squib wishes to acknowledge the contributions to this issue from the following men:

R. R. Brown, '20.
C. F. Doucette, '20.
G. R. Derrick, '20.
W. H. Peckham, '20.

A. F. Boyce, '20.
F. S. Fletcher, '21.
G. W. Edman, '21.
R. L. Jones, '21.
M. M. Smith, '22.

C. A. Buck, '22.
R. B. Gamzue, '23.
D. H. McKenzie, '21.
T. T. Abele, '23.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The coming issue will deal with the problems of advertising. If you advertise, buy a copy of the next issue and see yourself as your customers see you. If you buy advertised matter, buy a copy of the next issue and see how you wasted your money. If you have no ideas on advertising, prepare yourself for the second edition of Revelations.

? ?

Prof.—Those who are absent will please answer when their names are called.

S ? S

Professor—What woman has done the most for American society?

Back-row Sentinel—Lydia Pinkham.

S ? S

Some people are inclined to turn their noses up at skyscrapers.

S ? S

JUST SO.

How's the world treating you?

Not very often.

Now, Then Aggie Men, It's "Up To You"

Here's a plain talk on why I am advertising in the "Squib," what I shall do in the future with regard to my advertising, and what I think that you can do in the whole matter.

You men are after advertising to pay the "Squib's" bills; I'm after business to pay my store's bills. Time was when merchants gave advertising to a college magazine with an off-hand: "Yes, I'll take a space," and then said, as soon as the representative had gone: "There goes some more of my money to blazes."

But with an up-to-date merchant today that is changed. They are AFTER BUSINESS. They use a college magazine as they'd use any other medium, and if it pays to use it they use it again. If it don't pay they stop it. You'll agree that this is "business." To use the unanswerable logic of the successful man in your own business: "If a crop don't pay, stop it."

But Don't Misunderstand Me

I'm not asking you to patronize me simply because I'm using your magazine; not for a minute. I'm asking you to let my store serve you because I believe I have a store that is supremely worth while, and I'm using your magazine be-

cause I believe there are men at Aggie who will appreciate what I have to offer.

These Things Will Interest You

Here's one of the finest stores of watches in all New England. And, in addition to this, we employ three of the most expert and highly paid watch makers, jewelers, engravers, in the country to handle our very large business in this department. We carry silver, jewelry, gems, cut glass, men's jewelry, men's belts, and so on, in immense variety. In the United States there are very few stores as complete as this.

One big reason for our unique growth, we are exceedingly glad to say, is the splendid patronage of these great colleges all about us. And we want more Aggie business BECAUSE we are fitted to take care of it as it should be taken care of. Therefore, Aggie Man, it's "Up to You."

If your advertising produces business we shall keep at it, we would be very foolish if we didn't. If it does not produce business we shall stop, and we believe you'll see the absolute "good business" in this statement. So let's all pull together and make it PAY us both.

FRANK E. DAVIS

164 Main Street

Northampton, Mass.

Opposite the Draper Hotel

◆ ◆ ◆
JOHN F. PLANTE
OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN
54 SUFFOLK ST. HOLYOKE
◆ ◆ ◆

Every Man Who Works in
THE NEW COLLEGE STORE

Is an Aggie Student

Best Quality

Fair Prices

Vernon—"Why doesn't the devil go skating?"

Castle—"Well, how in hell could he?"

—Brunonian.

Planter—"Have you ever had any experience on a sugar plantation?"

Grad (by request)—"Oh yes, I raised a little cain while I was in college?"

—Chaparral.

E. J. GARE & SON
Jewelers

112 Main Street, Northampton, Mass.



*"Massachusetts Men" welcome to look over
our stock at any time.*

Kodaks

Victor Records

Deuel's Drug Store

Fountain Pens

Pipes

Some people live to eat, Others eat to live.

Boyden's Restaurant

Serves All

Delicious Dishes

Best of Service

Catering

Facilities for College Banquets

196 Main Street

Northampton

PLYMOUTH INN

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A High-Class Hotel

desirably located for

COLLEGE PATRONAGE

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO BANQUETS

SUITS MADE TO ORDER
DRESS SUITS TO RENT

HABERDASHERY
of the best makes

DYEING, ALTERING, CLEANING, PRESSING

LABROVITZ

Tailors and Gent's Furnishers

Woodward's Lunch

27 Main Street

Northampton, Massachusetts.

Quality PICTURE FRAMING

If it's a Picture we can Frame it
If it's a Frame we can Make it.

Mr. Justin J. McCarthy is our agent at M. A. C.

The FitzGerald Book & Art Co., Inc.

196 High Street
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Advertising

Do you realize that the Twenty-five cents you paid for this number is just about one-half of its individual publishing cost.

The men who bought space in the Squib are the ones who paid the rest.

Just as a courtesy to them, next time you have occasion to purchase something give them a chance to show you what they have to offer.

They will appreciate it too, if you just mention that you noticed their ad in the Squib.

OUR STOCK is built to fit your needs. It will pay you a tangible return to invest in our goods. You will never feel ashamed when dressed in our clothes. Best in quality, snappiest in style, and comfort unsurpassed.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

(Nuf Ced!)

F. M. THOMPSON & SON

Good Clothes for College Men



FEET DIFFER

*But We Have
The Shoes to
Fit You*

**EXPERT
REPAIRING**

**SHOE SHINE
STAND**

J. GINSBURG

19 Pleasant St.

Judge—"Where did the automobile hit you?"

Rastus—"Well, jedge, if I'd been carryin' a license number, it would a busted it all to pieces."

—Agawan.

Young man, are you going to start working in this class?

Why I do my math here every morning.

—Jack-O-Lantern.

HOTEL NONOTUCK

HOLYOKE, MASS.

A Most Desirable Stopping Place For
Business Men and Tourists

Dancing in the main restaurant every evening,
except Sunday, from 7 to 11.30

SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA

Special Concert Every Sunday Evening

A real good Watch and Fountain Pen
Are two things you'll need most
To help you in your studies,
That I can surely boast.
So visit Jimmy Berry,
He'll fix you up in Style.
And talk about the prices,
Why they'll just make you smile.

JAMES BERRY
Jeweler

Draper Hotel Building 161 Main Street
Northampton, Mass.

"YOU TELL 'EM"

**OUR AIM TO
SATISFY**

Superior Quality of
Service and
Merchandise

"SHORTY" BERMAN
7 South College

Representing
THOS. S. CHILDS CO., Inc., Holyoke



Exclusive
Patterns of
English
Cordovan Boots

Mabel—How are you getting along in college now, Percy?

Percy—Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead now, you know.

Mabel—Well, heaven knows that you need one.

—Caricature.

Madge—Are you going to marry Jack in order to reform him?

Mary—I once thought of that, but now I am going to let the government regulate his morals by constitutional amendments.

—Town Topics.

Millett Jewelry Store

For your College Jewelry go to the New College Store on the M. A. C. Campus

We have a full line of

Violin, Mandolin and Banjo Strings

Also

Cuff Links—Soft Collar Pins—Waldemar Chains

Fine Watch Repairing

Broken lenses replaced promptly

Lincoln Block - - - Amherst, Mass.

The New and Beautiful HOTEL BRIDGWAY

Bridge Street and Broadway
SPRINGFIELD

Business Men's Lunch, 12 to 2.30, 75c.
Dinner, 6 to 8.30, \$1.50

Informal Dancing Every Evening from 10 to Midnight
Excellent Music by the Bridgway Orchestra

GEORGE A. LEONARD
Vice-President and Resident Manager

She—Why do you always get up before you kiss me?

He—In times of great stress, men always rise to the occasion.

—Purple Cow.

'20—"I have a suit for every day in the week."

'21 (awestruck)—"Yeah?"

'20—"Uh-huh, this is it."

—Cornell Widow.

PLAZA THEATRE NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

PICK O'THE WORLD PHOTOPLAYS

FROM FAMOUS PRODUCERS PRESENTING

America's Greatest Stars

PROGRAM CHANGED DAILY

Frederick P. Belmont, Mgr.

A Pointer For Young Men

A good appearance is a desirable asset for any young man. Thrift is unquestionably the foundation of success. In clothes buying, the young man who makes

DANIEL'S

his source of supply is on the right road for these two essentials. He will get the right styles and he will get them at the right Price.

HARRY DANIEL ASSOCIATES, Northampton

CO-OPERATE WITH THE BOARD AND PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

To Buy or Sell Anything, you must have

A Street Corner and a box.

Hypnotism.

A High Price.

Approval of a Movie Actress and her picture.

A Technical explanation, unintelligible to mortal man.

A Salesman with an elastic conscience.

**And One Copy of the Advertising
Number of the Aggie Squib.**

to interpret and discount the above schemes.

To obtain this and those that follow cut out this coupon and mail to D. C. DOUGLASS, Bus. Mgr., Amherst, Mass.

I hereby subscribe for the College year of 1919-20 to The Aggie Squib, a humorous magazine to be published in six issues. The price of this subscription is one dollar and thirty-five cents (\$1.35).

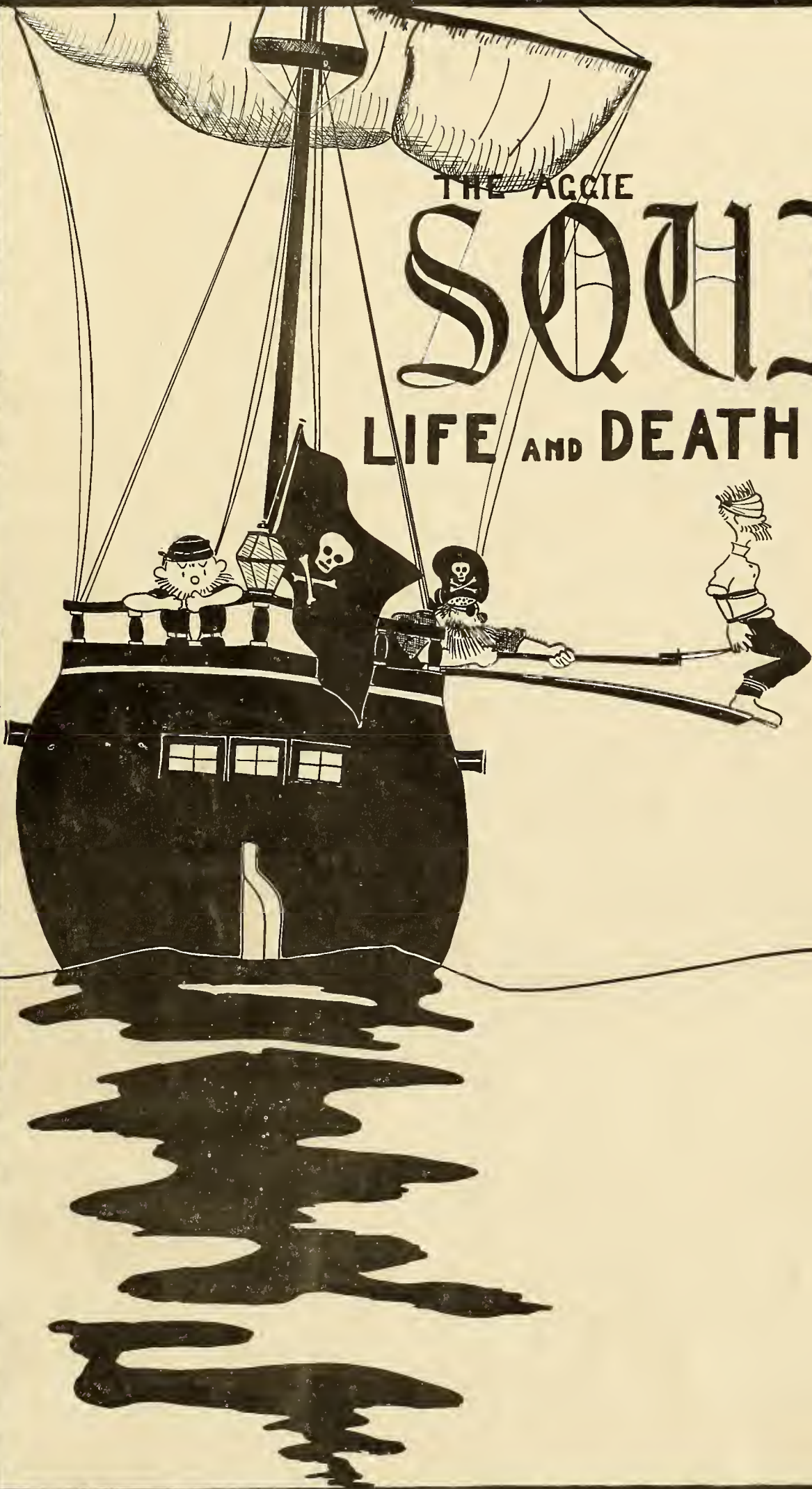
(Signed)

Address

.....

LIBRARY of the
Massachusetts
FEB. 16 1920.
Agricultural
College

THE AGGIE
SQUID
LIFE AND DEATH NUMBER



E. J. GARE & SON

Jewelers

112 Main Street, Northampton, Mass.



*"Massachusetts Men" welcome to look over
our stock at any time.*

As George was going out one night
His mother questioned, "Whither?"
And George, not wishing to deceive,
With blushes answered, "With her."

—Penn Punch Bowl



Irate Mother—I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.

Insolent Youth—Your'e too late. I've learned already.

—Froth.

ARTHUR P. WOOD, Jeweler

The Jewel Store of Northampton

Modish Styles in Jewelry

Watch and Clock Hospital—the one where operations are successfully performed

It Pays to Trade Here

197 Main St. Tel. 1307-M Opp. City Hall

The Plymouth Inn

West and Green Streets
Northampton

Homelike and Refined Atmosphere
Meals a la carte

Rooms \$2.00, with bath \$3.00-

On the approved list

Visit our Tea Room in Annex when wanting a
NICE LUNCH

All Home Cooking—Open 11 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Hardware

THE MUTUAL PLUMBING & HEATING CO.

Amherst

AMHERST LAUNDRY

Prices adopted by best Laundries in Springfield
Hartford and New Haven, etc.

WET WASH

4c. a pound, minimum 80c. 35c extra for drying

ROUGH DRY

7c. a pound, 1c additional each piece. Minimum 50c.

WASH AND IRON

Flat work 7c. a pound. 1c. additional each piece.
Starched Goods at list prices

FAMILY WASH

(all sorts of work) 7c. a pound. 1c. additional each
piece. Starched pieces at list prices. Bodywork 7c. pc.

Work Guaranteed—Prompt Delivery

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Girl watching aeronaut: Oh, I'd hate to be
coming down with that parachute.

Mere Man: I'd hate to be coming down without it.

—Chaparral.



WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

Duffer—What ought I to talk of so that women
will find my conversation interesting?

Snuffer—Something you ought not to talk of.
—Chaparral.

**DANIEL WEBSTER HAD A GREAT LINE.
SO HAVE WE**

The Finest Line of Chocolates in Four Cities

SODAS = = SUNDAES

KINGSLEY'S, Inc.

The Attractive Store

140 Main St. Northampton, Mass.

Foreword

Ah, Death, you're a rattling scamp
Who plays on the minds of most men;
You're a sneak from the dust of the gutters
That blows on the wind now and then.

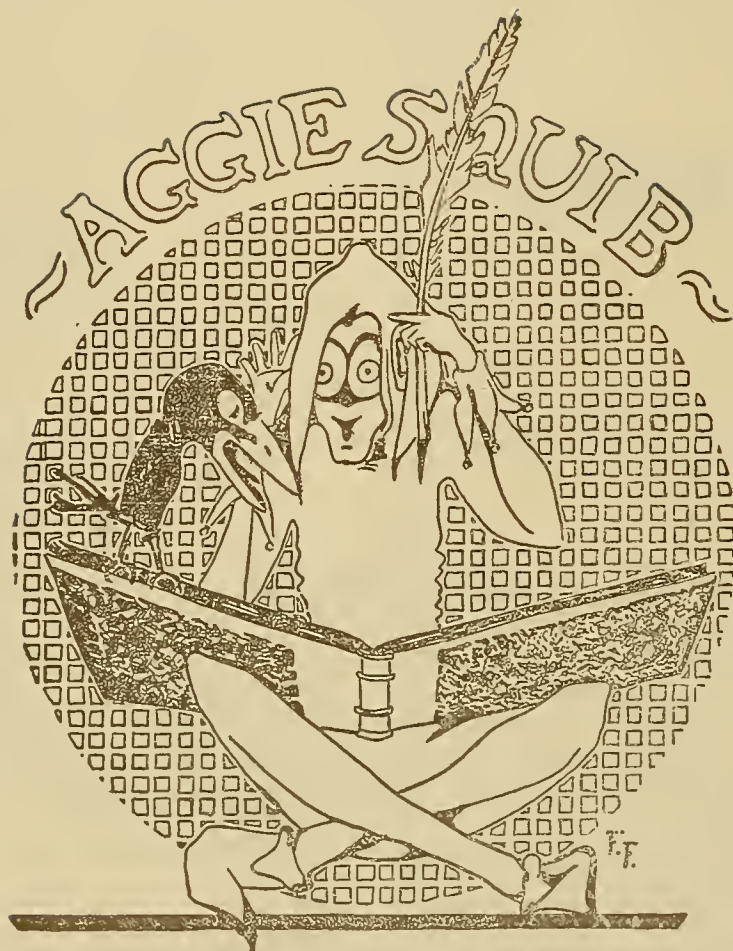
You bring the message of graves,
And bear some names on a scroll,
You cackle in glee when you find your man,
And beckon him out for a stroll.

You lead man away from his fellows
And fold him in heartless embrace,
Who sees not with eyes understanding
The hollow grin on your face.

Yes, Death, you'll mock all the pages;
You'll dance at the revels by night:—
You'll play for the souls of men
And you'll cheat with your hand out of sight.

But who cares for you, e'en a quaver,
You nothing but moment of time?
Me you'll not stop 'fore my work is done
And take to another clime.

Why?—I'm going on—far beyond
To a place that you do not know,
To a land where clean men, sincere men,
Not you, Curse of men, may go.



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE.

Editor-In-Chief,
John A. Crawford.

Literary Department
F. J. Binks, '20 Editor.

B. F. Jackson, '22, Asso. Editor.

Business Department

D. C. Douglass, '21, Manager.

L. P. Martin, '21, Advertising.

G. H. Derrick, '20, Circulation.

Art Department

G. A. Smith, '20, Editor.

M. P. Webster, '20.

E. B. Labrovitz, '21.

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Vol. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1920,

No. 3

IN the past few weeks many men on this campus have remarked "there is not enough time to do the work that must be done." They knew.

Should an inquisitive stranger come onto the campus to see how Aggie students spend their time, not merely their spare time, but all of their time, the chances of his being surprised are good. What would he find in the way of organized activity about the campus?

He would find a student body of slightly over five hundred men and women. He would find a good grade of scholarship being maintained. He would find a fair amount of college unity and spirit. But he would open his eyes at the number of separate activities that

can command the time of M. A. C. students. On his list he might jot down seven distinct varsity athletic teams, more than twice as many class teams, two periodicals and two annual publications, four units of musicians, a dramatic society, public speaking council, eight clubs to promote interest and enlarge the knowledge of major subjects, twelve social orders, and a multitude of class offices and college government positions to be filled. He would also make note of the honorary societies on the campus that perform various functions.

The cause of his wonder would not be so much at the number of single enterprises that were being worked out, as it would be at the relatively small number of persons who were doing the work.

A young institution has its ambitions and has few customs. It must found traditions, and make itself known. If the type of men is naturally progressive, there will be a tendency to start as many schemes as possible, for which there seems to be a need.

Such has been the case on this campus so that now there is a surplus. It seems that there is no place for another organization on this campus.

In view of the fact that the work at present is not being as well done, though a creditable showing is being made in most phases of the student work, would it not be wise for men to turn their creative thought toward the present activities rather than to new ones? Is there a duplication of effort that does not bring returns? Could the union of some organizations be profitably effected? Could the major clubs be federated with advantage? Are there some activities that have outlived their usefulness and consequently should be dropped? For the best development of the College, M. A. C. students should perfect what plans they have before they launch out on new ones.

A professor criticises the present policies of the government. A reporter carries the news to his paper. Bold headlines repeat the disagreeing statement. The next morning an alarmist rises from the breakfast table in wrath at the insolence of one entrusted with the education of the young men. Thinking such criticism of this democracy is bad enough, but to tell such ideas! To his patient wife and excited children he raves at the laxity of the police in not stopping the propagandists that will undermine the peace of the nation. After bustling to the office he makes an audience there for his invectives. Who is this learned gentleman?

A basketball game between rivals of many contests grows fast as the minutes to play decrease in number. The cheering crowds call for more scores. The scores are made and the home team forges into the lead by a hair. The teams become desperate. All that American interest and earnestness for sport and victory is cast into the balance. The crowds on the stands rise in a body, a yelling mob unconscious of their individual acts in their absorption for their team. The home team wins. The rooters subside and ooze out of the hall, hoarse, happy and chesty with pride.

A cutting word is passed between supporters of the rival teams. The tension for victory turns into a tense feeling of personal antagonism. But a hand holds back the impulse to strike the slurring tongue, a hand of sportsmanship and self control that is bred in most of the American colleges today.

Without that control those students might have become a howling mob flying at each other for revenge.

There has not been a day during the past year that a strike has not been in progress in the United States. More or less violence has attended the demonstrations of the strikers. The ignorant ones have fallen a prey to the rabid agitator's venom-covered tongue. He has given one idea to those foreigners who know not why they strike except that they were told to strike by the man at headquarters.

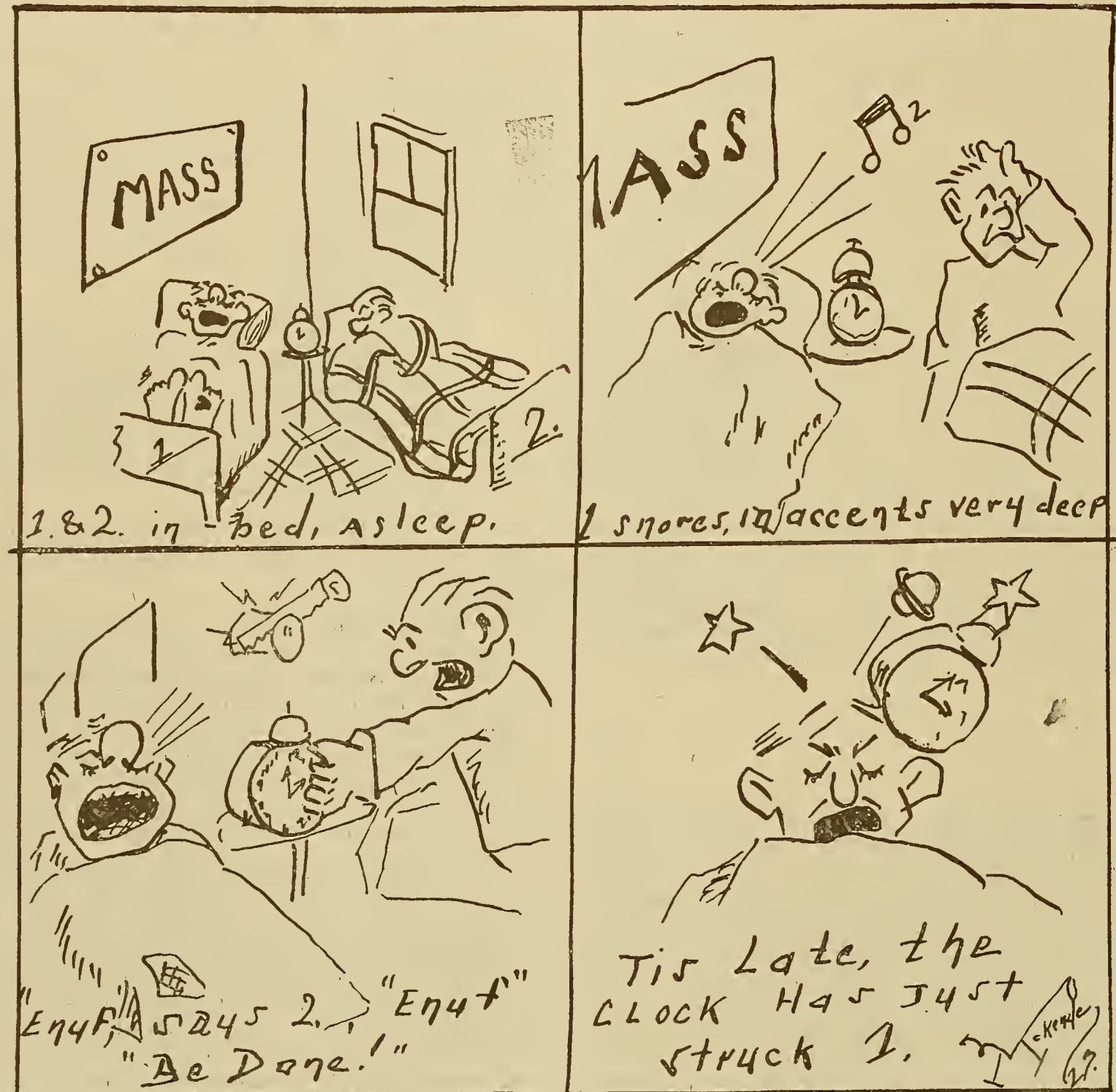
Would it be possible for the group of students on this campus to become the wild ungovernable mob that is often reported by the newspapers? Is it possible that men from this college will in the future become the hasty man at the breakfast table who does not stop to consider the value of the report of the professor's utterances but acts merely on a momentary impulse? Well might the college student of today look at himself in his search for open-mindedness to see how different he may be from the berated Bolsheviks and what causes the difference.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Squib wishes to acknowledge the contributions of the following men to this issue:—

A. F. Boyce '20.
R. R. Brown '20.
C. A. Doucette '20.
G. E. White '22.
C. A. Buck '22.
T. T. Abele '23.

DO NOT MISS
the
COLLEGE GIRLS' NUMBER
That Will Appear in
MARCH



TOO TRUE

Child—What is Santa Claus' mother's name, Papa?

Papa—Mary Christmas, I think.

Once again.

Well, what is Santa Claus' father's name then?

Bill, I'm sure.

S S S

"That watch crystal is not what it's cracked up to be."

"No, it's one of those non-breakable ones."

POPULAR RENDERING

Bent—"What's the English."

Crook-Ed—"Chantycleer."

Bent—"Shoot a line."

Crook-Ed—"The old rooster is jazzing around with his hens and old Fox says, 'Hey old cock, les hear yuh crow. They say yuh got some falsetto.'"

"When Chanty opens his beak, Foxy grabs him."

"But Chanty is right there with the comeback, and says, 'Some molars you got there, les take a slant at em.' Old Fox opens his chops and Chanty makes a getaway."

Bent—"Thanks."

INITIATION

MOTTO.

The life of a frat member is the death of the pledge.

Beware '23.

D. S. C. FOR HIM

Pledge Jones caused the death of three rulers while measuring the car tracks in Hamp.

S S S

Pledge Y, when being paddled, was divided within himself as to the policy of resistance or non-resistance. Being divided within himself, he could not stand; but being paddled, he could not sit. Hence he spent the next three days in bed.



He Did and He Didn't.

S S S

GOOD EXCHANGE

"So the lawyers got about all of the estate. Did Edith get anything?"

"Oh, yes; she got one of the lawyers."

—Ex.

S S S

DIFFERENT ?

Outraged alumnus—It is too easy to get into college now.

Burglar—Cheer up, it's no worse off than Sing Sing.

S S S

IT'S WORTH IT THEY SAY

Imbiber who had slept wrong end to in his bed—
—"Dam it, I thought I had a toothache all last night, but when I woke up it was only my shoes pinching."



IT DOESN'T WORK VERY WELL THOUGH

S S S

Brilliance who tries for Phi Kappa Plum.

Yes, I was a freshman too. Some of the happiest years of my life I spent as a freshman.

S S S

Athlete:—I'm a little stiff from lacrosse.

Fresh:—Wisconsin?

S S S

Duck—I play baseball in the Glee Club.

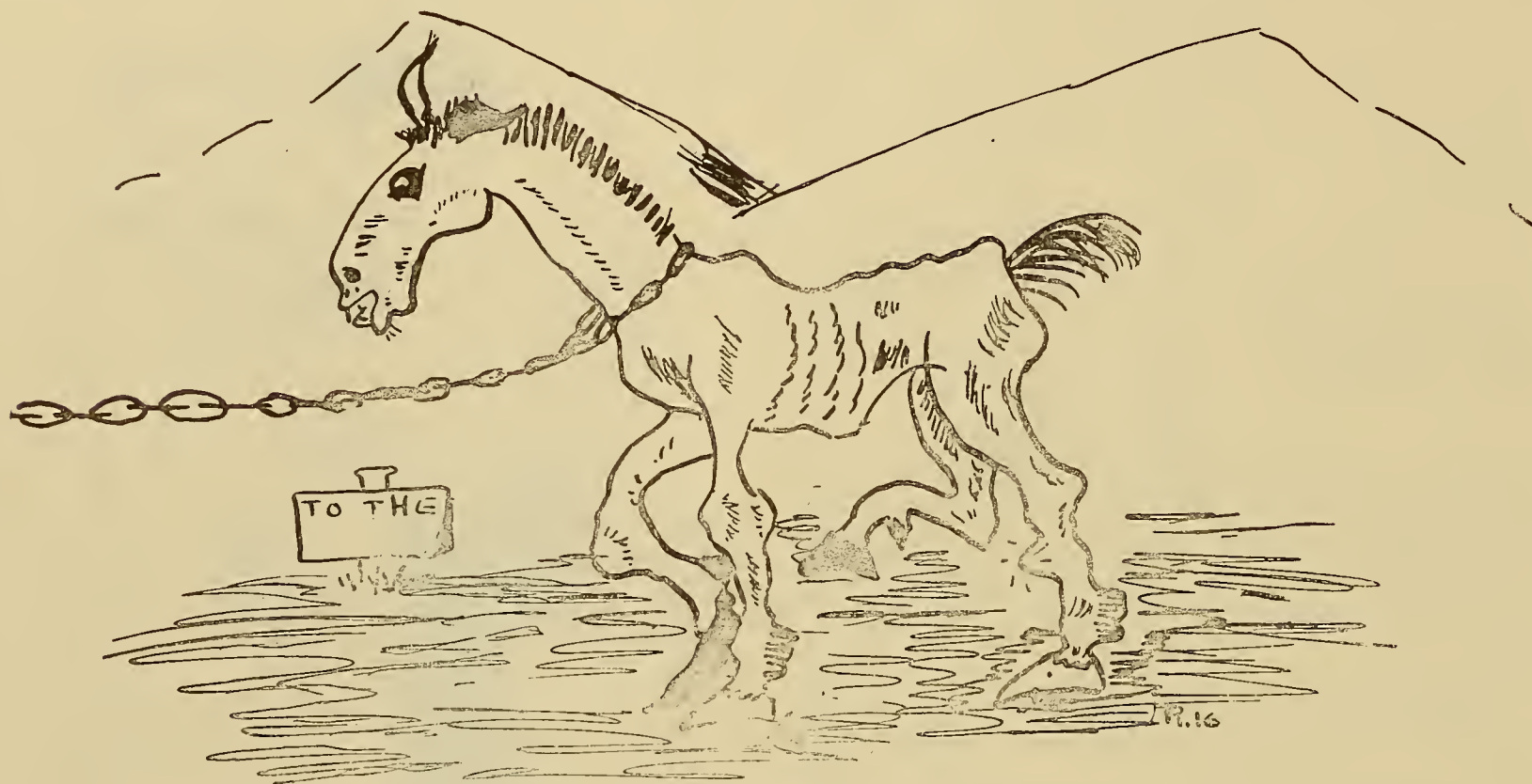
Drake—Where?

Duck—Just off second base.

S S S

INITIATION

Initiation times draw nigh,
Nearer draw the fateful hours.
Last night 'neath sacred haunts and bowers
I heard the nine high moguls try
First this, then another plan,
Exceeding human thought and care.
After means to make the freshmen dare
Nearer death than life to stand.
Devilish tricks must they attain.
Dare hideous horrors as yet unknown,
Endure 'till they with pain do moan,
At last the secret circle to attain.
This freshman for education
Hell is dead 'side initiation.



For several weeks Creeper's horse was missed. In its place had appeared a snorty, back-firing, racing motorcycle, so different from the old Bucephalus. The above picture was sketched from life on his last appearance. He was given up for dead and duly mourned by all who had cussed his slowness in former times.



But Dame Rumor brought news that the fleet steed of Amherst had repaired to Draper Sanatorium. A Squib reporter was fortunate enough to get the above picture of our own four footed slave of Cupid, while taking his daily exercises. Having recovered from his speed mania, the beast returned to his field of service and is again doing duty.

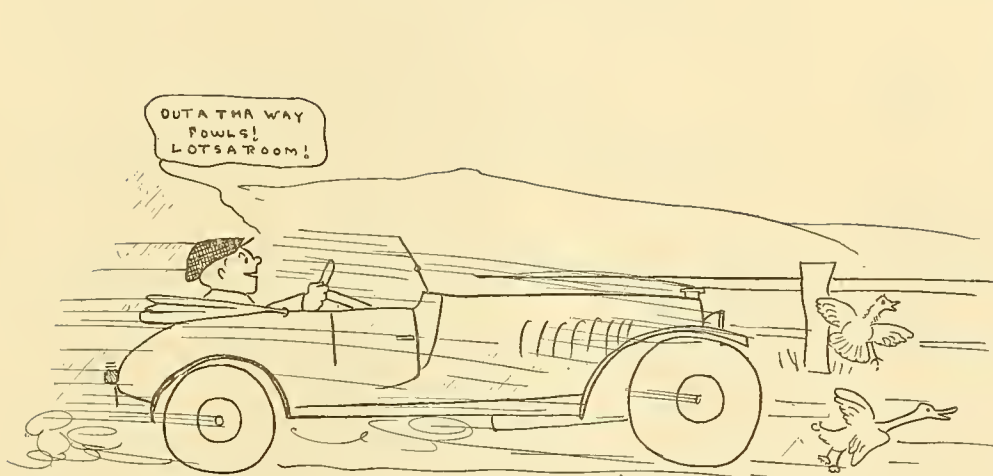
S S S

Consternation reigned in the Amherst court, the crier was absent. A note from him was brought in and read. "On account of my mother-in-law's death I cannot cry today."

S S S

Professor—Does anyone know of a person getting more rent than he should?"

Satellite—Carnegie, letting his dance hall in Northampton.



DID YOU HIT THE HIGH SPOTS INTH' OLE BUS?

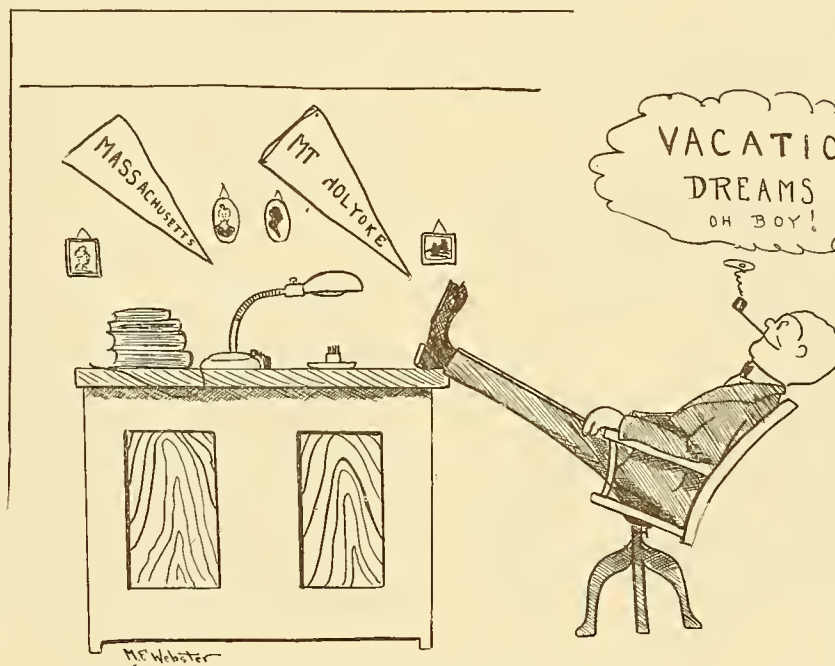


DID YOU SHOW YOUR TRICK LID TO DAD AND MA? (FROSH ONLY)

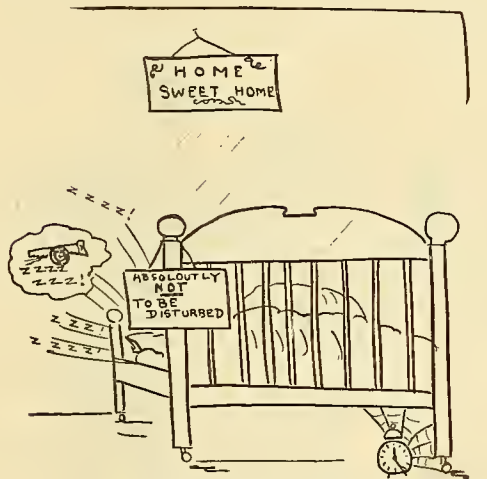
WHAT DID YOU DO?



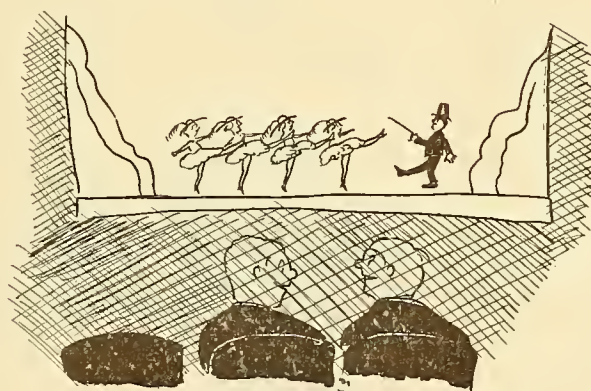
DID YOU GO BACK TO THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL AND HAND THEM A HEAVY LINE OF COKE?



WE HOPE YOU DIDN'T FORGET THIS PART



NATURALLY YOU GOT UP EARLY JUST TO KEEP IN PRACTICE FOR MORNING CHAPEL



EATS? — WE HOPE TO TELL YA!

THE SQUIB

"Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,"
Sang the girl, but Jack replied,
"Turn your switch on t'other side."

S S S

Mac—My girl is going to marry me in January.

Jack—Why I thought she did not like you!

Mac—Well, she said last night that it would be a cold day when she married me.

S S S

Fus—There are two things that I like about my girl.

Her—What are they?

Fusser—Both arms.

S S S

King Solomon and King David led merry, merry lives,

With many, many ladies, and many, many wives,
But when old age came on apace

With many, many qualms,

King Solomon wrote the Proverbs,

King David wrote the Psalms.

—Anon.

S S S

"What's the difference between 'life' and 'love'?"

"Life is one fool thing after another. Love is two fool things after each other."

S S S

The husband and wife had had another of their fortnightly quarrels.

She, bitterly—I have a diary of all the fights that you and I have had.

He, with manly sarcasm—That's no diary, that's a scrap book.

Here's to a good little girl
But not too good,
For the good die young
And I hate a dead one.

S S S

WHAT! IMPOSSIBLE!

"She was not allowed to even look sidewise at a man. However, she grew up to be very pretty."

S S S

"Dearest, let's not quarrel any more. Do you make up?"

"Sir, this is my own complexion."

S S S

IT DOES NOT PAY.

She—Stop, dear, you must Hooverize.

He—Don't I have sugarless coffee?

She—Yes, but you are allowing your hand to go to waist.

S S S

Me—Most girls don't appreciate music.

He—Why do you say that?

Me—Well, you can play wonderful strains on your mandolin and she won't even look out of the window, but one honk of the horn and she flies out doors.

S S S

COULD IT BE A REALITY?

The B. & M. had just put on the seventh can of milk at Norwottuck and, leaving the station (?), was picking up speed with every foot. Smoothly and with lightning rapidity it sped on, now 40, now 45, and now 50 miles an hour it went, five minutes ahead of schedule time, and gaining time with every mile. He felt a hand on his shoulder and as he awoke the old familiar "Fares please" came to his ears.



MAN GOING FUSSING—3 stages

THE SQUIB

The Professor is trying to impress his stupid sophomore class with a significant point. At this juncture he looks at his left shoulder and suddenly begins scratching in an ape-like manner, saying "Do you get this?"

Voice from the class. "No, but I hope you get them."

S S S

If you don't believe this one consult Charlie Green.

Q.—Why is a mysogonist like an epithilanium?

A.—Because they are both a-verse to marriage.

Do you get it?

Neither do we.

S S S

Monitor—I notice you leave chapel early.

Frosh—Yes, I have to because I snore something fierce when I sleep.

S S S

STUDENT LABOR

"Are you working?"

(astonished) "Was I?"

S S S

Prof.—What kind of machine is used for transplanting?

Student (awakening)—A transplanting machine, sir.

S S S

Sophomore, looking through his new Zoology book:

No wonder the Prof. knows so much about this, he has been reading ahead.

S S S

SALUTE ALL PROFS.

An officer in the . . Division, seeing one of his men limping painfully, inquired the reason.

"Well, suh, Ah was done kicked by a mu-el."

"Kicked by a mule! Why, George, how did that happcn?"

"Ah doan' know, suh. Ah guess Ah done forgot to salute him."

—Everybody's.

S S S

NEW COURSES

Spelling 23. A course in college spelling for 2-year men. **Seniors may elect.**

YOU GUESSED

Prof.—Youse guys want to wash that in warm water. Cold water don't cut no ice.

S S S

THE WAIL OF A SOPHOMORE FROM THE NOOKS OF THE LIBRARY

Oh boring, tiring—dull, dry trash,
Exasperating stuff!

What pray, care I for all your hash
Of imports' problems tough,
Dull Agi Economics?

Care I if tariffs benefit,
Or if it is free trade?—
What derelict of human wit
Your density has made?

Tell, Agi Economics!

For you the star-light goes to waste,
The pale moon shines for nought,
While here I toil in frantic haste
To find what Egypt bought.
For Agi Economics!

May all the ills of tariff's rule,
Of 'minishing return
Assail and export from this school,
In deep oblivion to burn,
YOU, Agi Economics.

S S S

The Amherst police force received by mail the other day six "Rogues Gallery photographs taken in different positions of a man wanted in a neighboring city for selling wood alcohol." The force immediately got busy and wrote back: "I have arrested five of the men, and will have the sixth tonight."

S S S

Two Sophs speculating as to the disposition of their bodies:

Bill—Well, I'm going to be cremated.

Bob—Not for mine. I'm slated for a lot in the old Amherst cemetery.

They argue pro and con for a few minutes, and finally this—Bob: No Bill, it's no use, I'm going to be buried, for think of the chance that it would give somebody to study entomology.

S S S

BUCEPHALUS' EPITAPH

I was a hoss in olden days
Who used to carry mail.
The only time the wagon flew
Old Creeper pulled my tail.

SONG HITS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

"Mollie sat on the stove and it was hot to mollie."

"If the price of food keeps going up there will be no food going down."

"If it's the showers that make the flowers beautiful, why didn't it rain on you?"

"You could hear your casket coffin."

"Ladies, check your chewing gum in the office, the seats are all full."

S S S

Skid—Skating is just like life.

Slid—How's that?

Skid—The ice is artificial but the falls are real.

S S S

He had just broken through the fence while going 50 per, and machine and driver were located in the center of the stream.

"What you doing down there, cooling your engine?" asked the innocent pedestrian.

S S S

Boomer—How can I clean Ivory?

Rang—Take a shampoo.

S S S

Piker—I am going to raise your rent.

Poker—I'll call you.

Piker—I hold a full house.

S S S

AN ERROR OF OMISSION

An Eldorado Springs minister tells this story: A white minister had just married a colored couple and in a facetious way remarked: "It is customary to kiss the bride, but in this instance we will omit it." The groom was equal to the occasion and replied: "It is customary for the groom to give the minister a five-dollar bill, but in this instance we will also omit that."

S S S

STRANGE

She was fair but he shone with all the brightness of red hair.

"Every time I look at you," she said, "I see red."

LATIN

A man was kidnapped and would be killed if he could not translate the following poem:

Icabile, heres ego,
Fortibus es in aro,
O, nobile, themes trux
Vaticinem? Pesan dux.

Being a man of meager education he realized that death was near until this version of the poem came to his mind:

I say Bill, here's a go,
Forty busses in a row.
Oh no, Bill, them's trucks,
What's in em? Peas and ducks.

S S S

SELF-HELP

Voice—Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower tonight?

Prophet—Don't ask me. If you need one, take it. (Chaparral).

S S S



Lena—How are you parting your hair now?

Wayback—Oh I part it on my mother's side now.

S S S

"Hey, my cigarette is gone."

"That's all right, it was going when you left it there, wasn't it?"

Since prohibition, inspectors of gas meters have had difficulty in holding their jobs. Some people would take a job like that for nothing.

S S S



THE CHANGE

S S S

We used to turn up our noses when we smelled a whiskey breath, but now we prick up our ears.

S S S

Old Man Boozer is dead.

Is that so, what kind of flowers shall we send him?

I'd say pastry flour would be appropriate after the life he has led. There will be a fine opportunity to do some baking where he is going.

ONE CONSOLATION

Youths sowing their wild oats nowadays can't mix much rye with it.

Ex.

S S S

She—Hello, Ben —.

He—Ben who?

She—Been drunk.

S S S

THERE'S A REASON

Bill—What are you reading?

Will—A handbook on golf published some years ago.

Bill—I didn't know you played the game.

Will—I don't. There are six full page advertisements for Scotch whiskey on the back.

—Bir'ingham Herald.

S S S

Farmer—Can I sell you a Holstein?

City dude—Sure if you have got anything to put in it.

S S S

BE KEEN IN THE EARS

In the English class was registered the following unofficial statement: "I've heard of rum-hounds but a Berwolf is beyond me."

S S S

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL

Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:

In me behold the only skull,

From which, unlike a living head,

Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed, life thee;

I died, let earth my bones resign;

Fill up,—thou can'st not injure me,

The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape

Than nurse the earth worm's slimy brood,

And circle in the goblet's shape

The drink of gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,

In aid of others let me shine;

And when, alas, our brains are gone,

What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou can'st, another race

When thou and thine like me are sped,

May rescue thee from earth's embrace,

And rhyme and revel with the dead.

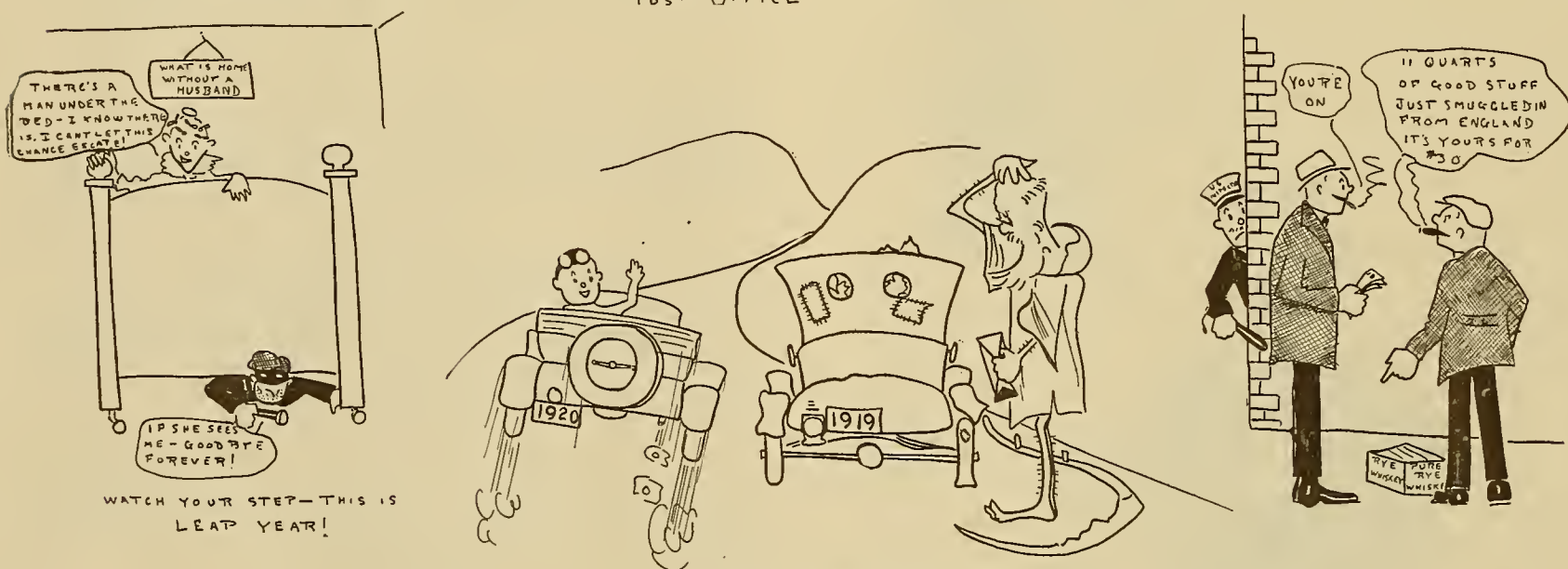
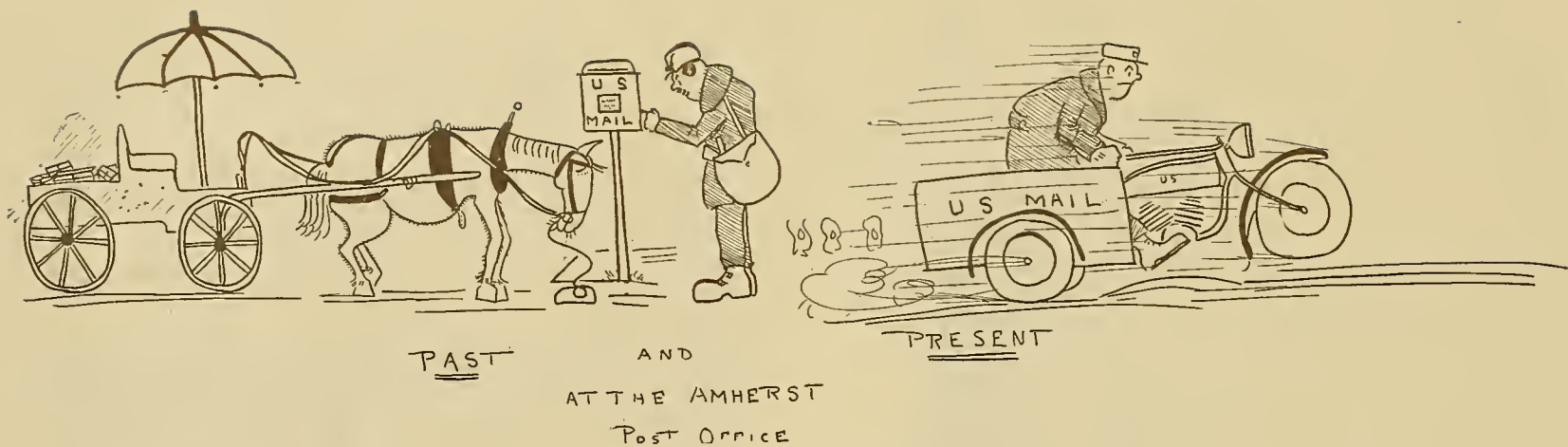
Why not, since through life's little day

Our heads such sad effects produce;

Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,

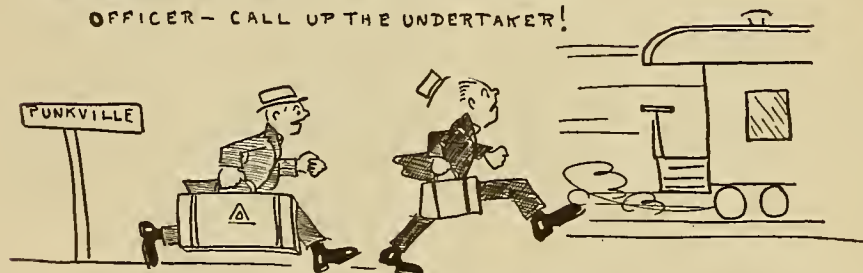
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

—Byron.

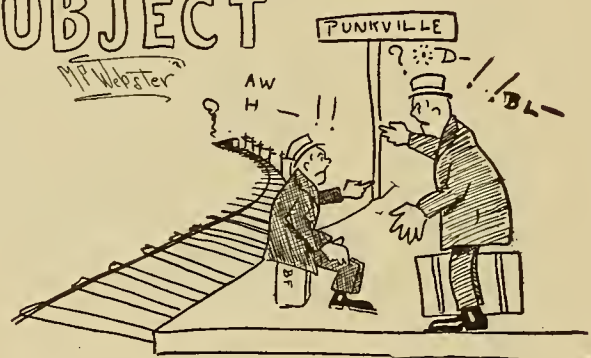


LIFE AND DEATH

A FEW SIDELIGHTS
ON THE SUBJECT



AND



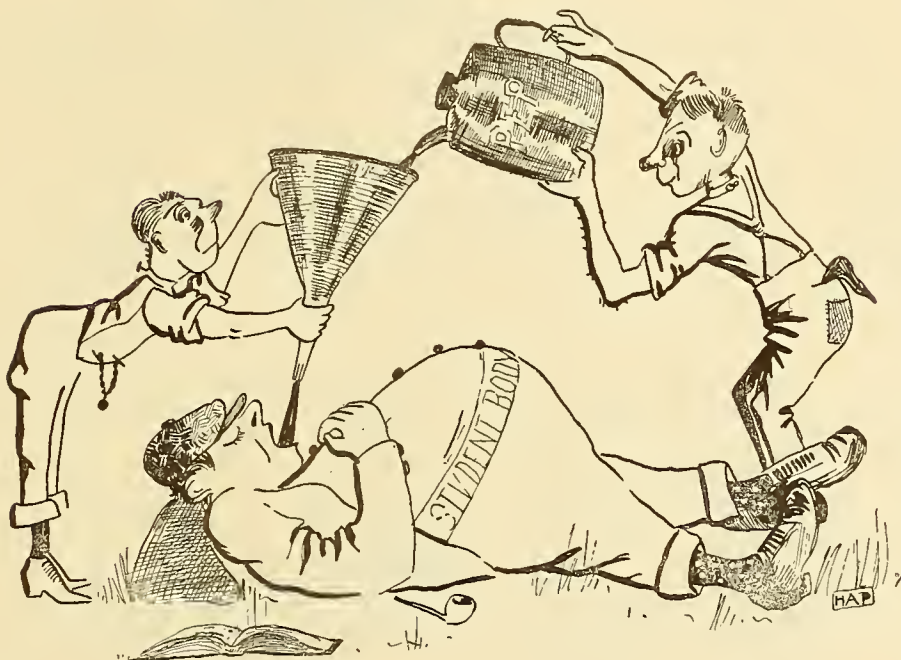
LIFE —

— DEATH

DIARY OF A STOMACH

- 7:20—He just got up. Feeling fine. Great day.
- 7:25—Had time for one cup of coffee (?) and a sinker.
- 7:40—He ran all the way to Chapel.
- 8:00—Gee, I just got jabbed in coat room rush. The coffee won't dissolve that sinker.
- 8:05—Half-pint of chocolate ice cream just came my way.
- 9:45—He made me take on half a glass of fermented apple jelly that was made last summer at summer school.
- 11:15—Here's my chance. He's gone to sleep.
- 11:20—He snored and somebody punched me. Now he is awake.
- 12:05—Creamed sausage, raw onions in vinegar, more doughnuts and ice cream.—Dinner.
- 12:30—I'm feeling bad and he knows it.
- 12:35—Sent back the sausage.
- 12:36—Also the vinegar and onions.
- 12:37—And all the ice cream and doughnuts.
- 12:55—He has gone to the infirmary.
- 1:00—The doctor says "Nothing to eat for 24 hours."

Thank heavens—a Rest.



S S S

Pork had appeared on the table for several weeks and the hog's head was the first thing the imbibor spied when he came down to breakfast on the morning after.

"Good morning," he greeted it, "your face looks familiar, but I'm damned if I can remember your name."

Helen—What are we on this earth for?

Mother—To help others, dear.

Helen—Then what are the others here for?

S S S

We must have some sugar toute de suite and the touter the sweeter.

S S S

COLLEGE LIFE

"Yes, there is rest; yes, there is rest,
In this college life there is rest, sweet rest."

Every time Squibby's editor rolled up his shirt sleeves, lit a pipe full of black tobacco, and put his feet upon the editorial desk preparatory to thinking up something funny in this sad old world of ours, his mind was distracted by the shouting about him of this popular chorus. Finally he summoned the cub reporter and sent him out to learn what this thing "rest" was, and where it could be found.

The reporter first met some Freshmen carrying some heavy mats. "Can you tell me," he asked one, "about this thing, 'rest' mentioned in the popular song?"

"'Rest?' I don't know the word," replied the freshman, "and I guess you wouldn't either, if you had the classes we do, to say nothing of athletics every afternoon and doing all the work on the campus. Ask the Sophs, they think they know it all."

"Pipe down and get to work there, Freshman," commanded a Sophomore, taking his false teeth from his mouth and looking fierce. "We have the stiffest course in the college and are kept busy trying to make these Freshmen behave. We don't know rest, ask a Junior."

The reporter met a Junior hustling around after Index material. As soon as the Junior learned the reporter's business he waved him away. "We have more work in the class room than the Seniors and just as many activities outside. You want to see a Senior, they do nothing but loaf."

The reporter was now getting tired and snapped to the first Senior he met, "Where is 'rest'? What takes up YOUR time?"

"Oh," he said wearily, "athletics occupy most of my time and 'Hamp.' has the 'rest'."

The reporter gaily returned to the editorial rooms of the Squib and handed in his scoop.

"Yes, there is rest. Yes, there is rest.

In this college life there is rest, sweet rest."

S S S

Even a grave stone praises a man when he's down.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

I had a fren'
Who had a job
In a men-ag-er-ie.
He stuck his head
In the lion's mouth
And his day's work was done.

Mike was a bar-
Tender so tough.
He'd drink most anything.
One day he tried
Wood Alcohol
Now his day's work is done.

There was a guy
Said Labor should
Run every in-dus-try
A parlor Bol-
Shevik was he
But his day's work is done.



S S S

Fatherly Junior, (on Dean's Saturday)—How
is the old card today?

Startled Freshman—Oh, I'm all right, thank
you.

S S S

ANOTHER MESS

Proprietor (just demobilized) "Yus, I've been
through it—officers' cook two years, wounded
twice."

Buddy (tasting the soup) "You're lucky mate.
It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

CAMOUFLAGE

Nigger mammy, (to pickaninny swimming
with white boy)—Hain't Ah told you neber to
play wid dat white trash, nigger?

The little bit of Africa—Yes, mammy, but he
warn't white when he went in.

S S S

"Now sonny," said the mother, "just run up
stairs and get a clean night shirt, and if you do
not find one take one of your sister's night dress
es."

"What, a girl's?" snorted Frankie, drawing
himself up haughtily.

"Yes, why not?" replied his mother.

"I won't wear it," declared little Frank. "I'd
rather go to bed raw."

—Ex.

S S S

One of the famous tribe of Israel while up in
Maine on a trip froze his nose.

"And what did you do for it?" asked the Bos-
tonite.

"Well, I rubbed snow on it as far as I could
reach and I threw snow balls at the rest of it."

S S S

Senior—To do your best work you must plan
out your time.

Freshman—That's what Prexy told us in Col-
lege Life.

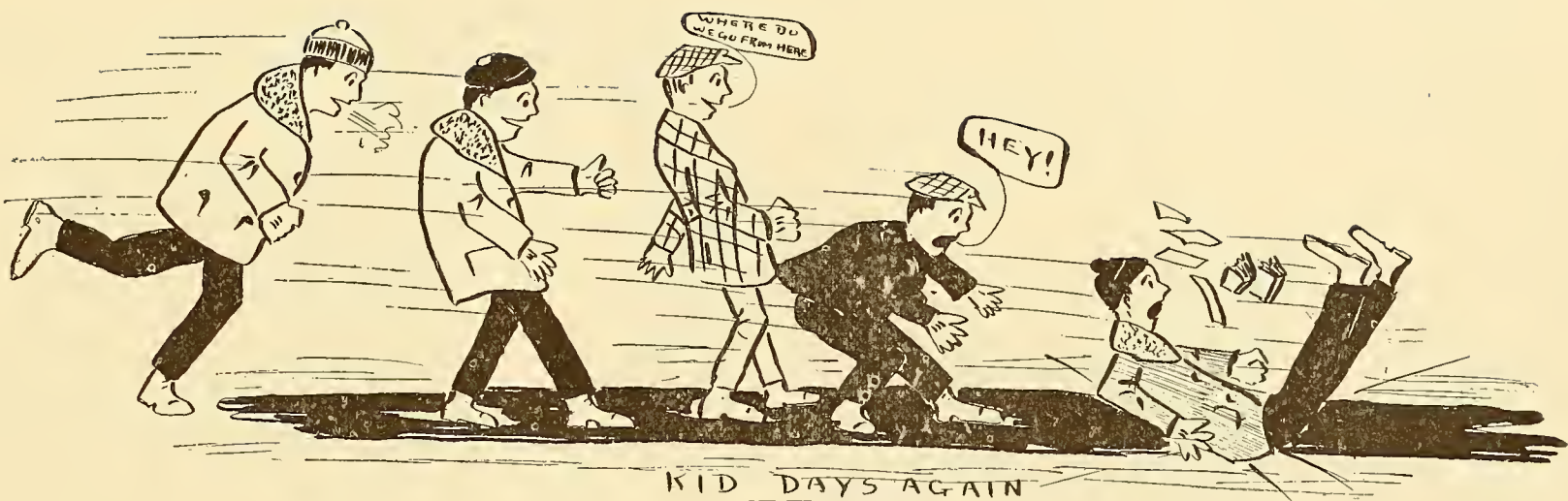
Senior—Yes, you see all great men tell you the
same thing.

S S S

FOR CONSIDERATION OF CHINESE

O beautiful transparent thing,
To thee now with praise I sing.
'Tho other ones at thee may rail,
I give thee praise,—O Finger-nail.

That thou art in the way, I know,
That thou collectest dirt is so;
But thing of beauty, shell divine,
Thou art not bad, for thou art mine.



ABOUT THE CAMPUS M Webster



THE SQUIB

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER

Sympathetic caller to wife whose husband had just hung himself in the attic:

"You're not a bit troubled on washing day by bad weather, you have a fine attic for hanging."

S S S

DEEP HUMOR

A man died at sea and he was buried there.

S S S

Doctor, after examining the very sick wife--
"Well, I guess it's a case for cutting."

The farmer ran to the barn and brought the axe.

"Here's the axe, doctor. You do it, I can't."

S S S

A man had died across the water and the surgeon wired asking which he should do, embalm, cremate or bury.

The answer came back: "Take no chances, do all three."

S S S

You're just like the man with one foot in the grave and one on a banana peel.

S S S

USED TO EXAMINATIONS

In the course of his examination these questions were put to an old negro who was appearing as a witness:

"What is your name?"

"Calhoun Clay, sah."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Sah?"

"I ask if you can sign your name."

"Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writes mah name. Ah dictates it, sah."

S S S

If there is no point to a joke there is little chance of it hurting anyone.

A man was hanging to a lamp post with a rope around his waist.

"What are you trying to do?"

"Commit suicide," says he.

"Put the rope around your neck then."

"I had it there, but I could not breathe," says he.

S S S

VERY TRUE

Life—What's going to be in your stockings tomorrow?

Death—You, if I don't get up first.

S S S



Gloom—I think I'll die at my feet first.

Grief—Why do you think that?

Gloom—Well you see they have that deathly smell already.

S S S

HANG OUT A CREPE

Iona—It is a proven fact that when a person dies the body loses two ounces in weight.

Ford—I guess I've been dead a week.

Iona—How's that?

Ford—Well, I lost a pound in practice last night.

Sounds good.

S S S

A traveling salesman landed in a little town one night and tried to get a room. He found that the only room left was directly over that of a very nervous man. The hotel clerk said that he was a regular and for the salesman to try not to disturb him. The salesman started to undress that night. He took off one shoe and dropped it BANG on the floor. Then he remembered the nervous man and placed the other shoe on the floor very carefully. Later that night he was awakened by a furious rapping on the door. He opened it to a small fussy fidgety man, who in a high excited voice demanded: "For God's sake drop that other shoe."

THE SQUIB

EPITAPHS

It's not the cough that carried him off,
It was the coffin they carried him off in.

S S S

Here lies the body of Abraham,
On his bosom lies Mary Ann.
Pretty soft for Mary Ann,
Kind of tough for Abraham.

S S S

Here lies the body of Joshua Daniels,
He lies here 'cause he left off his flannels.

S S S

William Pease's grave stone was inscribed:
Here lies nothing but an old dry ped,
The peas that were in it have gone up to God.

S S S

LIFE AND DEATH

The Romans are said to have urned their dead.
We have to earn our living.

S S S

You'll find beneath, Joe Boozawitsky,
Too much wood was in his whiskey.

S S S

A TOAST

Here's to the alcoholic sisters,
The one who soothes, the one who blisters.
Let he who wants "high life" take Ethel,
But he flirts with fate who chooses Methy.

S S S

WHY NOT GO INTO THE COAL BUSINESS

Prof—Why is it bad for the egg production to
have the ash pile in the hen yard?

Stud (absently)—They might lay egg-coal.

S S S

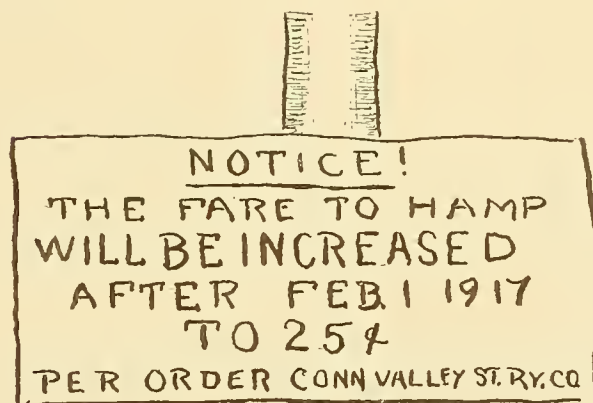
The old Irishman was having his household
goods moved to his new residence, and in the
general hurry the mission clock was forgotten.
He picked it up and started to walk thru the
streets of the city with it to his home. In the
crowded business section he was stopped by an
old acquaintance. "Say Pat," he said, "why
don't you carry a watch?"

These lines may be found inscribed on the
tomb stones of two rival Nantucket sea captains:

"Here I lie, snug as a bug in a rug."

"Here I lie, snugger'n the other bugger."

S S S



THIS NEXT!

FROM AMONG THE DEAD

Some wise guy remarked, or ought to have,
anyway, that "Time makes all things possible."
Jules Verne thought he had some line when he
staged his big scenes under the ocean or way up
in the air. Now his wildest dreams are tame in-
deed.

So it was with the artist whose masterpiece
here reproduced, was excavated from the ruins
of Squibby's office. O tempora! O mores! What
in those ancient days was said in sportive jest is
now become stern reality, and he who would
shimmy in Hamp must pay, not only the fiddler
but also the C. V. St. Ry. Co.

S S S

A man who lost his wife put on her stone:

"The light of my life has gone out."

He married again so he put on her stone:

"I've struck another match."

S S S

BRILLIANCE WHO TRIES FOR PHI KAPPA PLUM

Yes, I was a freshman too. Some of the hap-
piest years of my life, I spent as a freshman.

S S S

If you want to get soused get a gas inspector's
job in private homes.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN !

S S S

CAMPUS EPITAPHS

Here lies the ancient Aggie Band,
That our beloved Colonel canned,
Its brazen notes no more will swell
Across the campus—ain't it hell ?

S S S

Among both filth and rot obscene
Rest the remains of the Tennis Team;
But its ghost, behind the hill
Doth nightly seek—a long-lost ball.

S S S

JOHN GAY, POET

Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it.

S S S

LORD BROUGHAM

Here reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speeches.

S S S

Prof.—“Some people object to children playing with animals because the cat or dog is usually loaded with insects and they are afraid that these creatures will get on to the children.”

Sympathetic Stude—“That's all right, most every cat or dog has plenty to spare.”

LIVING EPITAPHS

As I am now you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me.
To follow you I will never consent,
'Till you tell me which way you went.

S S S

Here lies the body of Samantha Proctor,
Who ketched a cold and wouldn't doctor;
She couldn't stay so had to go,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

S S S

Here lies the body of Betsy Babbitt,
Who would have lived longer but she couldn't
stand it;
Sorrow and grief was her decay,
That with a sore leg took her away.

S S S

A VERSE WITH A KICK

A mule he has two legs behind,
Two legs he has before,
Go stand behind the legs behind,
To find what they be for.

S S S

THE LULU BIRD SAYS:

If some of these birds had worn O. D. breeches
and spiral putts in the mud of France they would
not be so anxious to display their maidenly forms
around the campus.

S S S

The man who can bottle up his wrath at the
right time is a corker.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC

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USUAL POPULAR PRICES

He: "Are you saving anything for a rainy day?"

She: "Yes, indeed. I never wear silk stockings around the house."
—Awgwan



Sara was a shimmier,
She shimmied pretty keen,
The boys all liked to watch her shake
Her wicked tambourine. —Sun Dodger.

HIS OWN BUSINESS

Guest—You say dinner's ready! And where do I wash?

Host—Why—er—that's up to you.
—Chaparral.



THE BITER BITTEN

He squeezed her in the dark and kissed her;
And for a moment bliss was his,
"Excuse me, but I thought it was my sister!"
He said. She smiled and cooed: "It is."
—Sun Dodger.

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by

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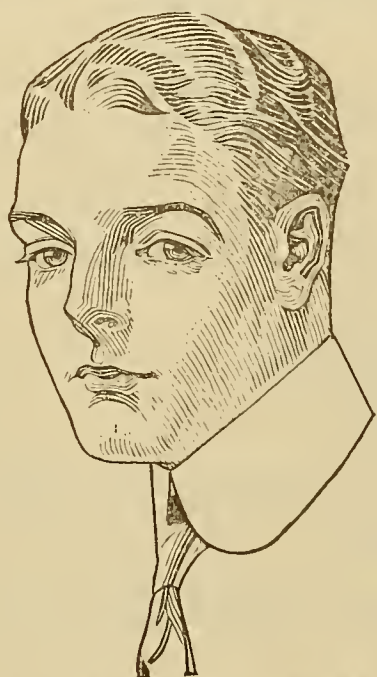
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Next to Western Union



Devon

ARROW COLLARS

Starched or soft, afford, with
good value, correct style and
uncommonly long service

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. ~ Troy N. Y.

Harry—Was you out after dark
last night?

Larry—No, after Mabel.

—Sun Dodger.

He—"If you will share your
heart with me, I'll give up all my
bad habits. I will reform for-
ever."

She—"No, a man never re-
forms, he merely becomes more
careful."
—Voo Doo

There was a young miss who was
told she must kiss

No one but her mother and dad,
But as she grew older, she also
grew bolder

And found kissing not at all
bad.
—Vale Record

CLOTHES MAKE MABEL

Slim:—"You don't seem as en-
thusiastic over Mabel as you used
to."

Jim—"Naw, I saw her in a gym
suit."
—Sun Dodger

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Mr. Justin J. McCarthy is our agent at M. A. C.

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Kodaks

Victor Records

Deuel's Drug Store

Fountain Pens

Pipes

Dean—What is density?

Hansen—I can't define it, but I can give an illustration.

Dean—The illustration is good, sit down.

—Awwan.

◆ ◆ ◆

An enterprising dealer in electric wares hangs out the sign: "Don't kill your wife with hard work. Let our washing machine do the dirty work."

—American Legion Weekly.

BUT IT DOESN'T PUT HER TO SLEEP!

..Small Boy—Daddie, you tell me a story to put me to sleep every night. Do you tell mamma a story every night, too?

Daddie—No, Willie, not every night, only the nights I stay at the office and balance the books.

—California Pelican

◆ ◆ ◆

Physiol Prof: What do you know about cells? Stude. Not very much sir. I've only been in two.

—Gargoyle.

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SPRINGFIELD

Business Men's Lunch, 12 to 2.30, 75c.

Dinner, 6 to 8.30, \$1.50

Informal Dancing Every Evening from 10 to Midnight

Excellent Music by the Bridgway Orchestra

GEORGE A. LEONARD
Vice-President and Resident Manager

Doris—Did you know I'm taking lessons in cooking now?

Donald—Why I thought you were studying art.

Doris—Well, yes—interior decorations.

—Cornell Widow.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Is that river fast?"

"Should say so! It's full half the year."

—Purple Cow.

Some people live to eat, Others eat to live.

Boyden's Restaurant

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Delicious Dishes

Best of Service

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26th-27th—Mabel Normand in "Pinto"

29th-30th—Tom Moore in "Toby's Bow"

31st-Apr. 1st—Will Rogers in "Jubilo"

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Holyoke, Mass.

SAD BUT TRUE

No matter how healthy a bow-legged person
may be, he is always in bad shape. —Burr.

◆ ◆ ◆

Daughter—Yes, mother; Albert did kiss me last
night. But I sure sat on him for it.—Chaparral.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Was your husband cool when you told him
there was a burglar in the house?" asked Mrs.
Hammer.

"Cool!" replied Mrs. Gabb. "I should say he
was. Why, he was so cool that his teeth chattered

—Punch Bowl.

◆ ◆ ◆

How sweet is booze!

But oh, how bitter

To love a drink

And not to gitter!

—Gargoyle.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL

Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts

BOSTON, MASS

Only two blocks from South Terminal Station, and
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CHOCOLATES

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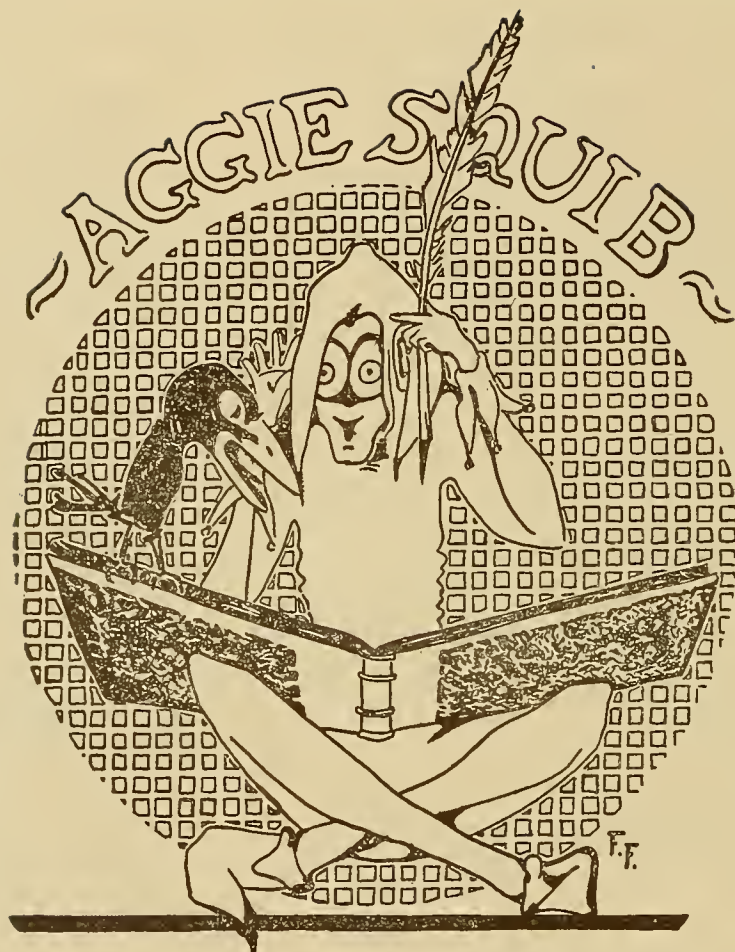
The Attractive Store

140 Main St.

Northampton, Mass.

CO-OPERATE WITH THE BOARD AND PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

Silence is often safety



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE.

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John A. Crawford.

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B. F. Jackson, '22, Asso. Editor.
R. R. Brown, '20.
C. A. Doucette, '20.
A. F. Boyce, '20.
C. E. White, '22.
T. T. Abele, '23.

Art Department

G. A. Smith, '20, Editor.
M. P. Webster, '20.
E. B. Labrovitz, '21.
F. S. Fletcher, '23.
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D. A. Nowers, '23.

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Vol IV

MARCH, 1920

No. 4

DESPITE the fact that Squibby had his wings singed in some of the warm receptions and had them nearly frozen in others when he tried to gather the wit of women's colleges for this issue, he was able to return with a good supply of material. His trip is not to be construed as the flight of the dove from the Ark in an effort to find land for a drifting ship but to bring back some word that wit in the women's colleges is not dying out.

It is hoped that this glad news will help some men to establish themselves on the common ground of humor if they have found other means to fail.

The Aggie Squib wishes to express its appreciation to the contributors in the following women's or co-educational colleges:

Normal Art School
Smith College
Radcliffe College
Simmons College
Middlebury College
Sargeant School
Wheelock School
Mt. Holyoke College
M. A. C.

CRAB (Krab), n. (As. crabba.) 1. Any of a suborder (Brachyura) of crustaceans having a short, broad, and usually a flattened shell, and a small abdomen curled up under the body. - - - 3 A crab louse.

Crab, n. (Perh. fr 1st crab; of Crab, a) 1 A crab apple. (CRAB-BED), of or pertinent to the crab apple or crab tree; like the sour apple; sour; harsh-tasting; rough.

Crab, v, t. & i. 1. of hawks, to catch or claw, fight. 2 To find fault with; criticise adversely. Coloq. Eng.

Such are three definitions that Noah Webster has given to the word "crab".

On this campus there is a species of crab that needs a special definition, one that is not covered by any of the definitions of the great grammarian. That definition reads as follows:

Crab. (human species). 1. One whose courage is rolled up out of sight but whose tongue hangs loose; a parasite; a bearer of illtidings and rumors that bring no good fruit; one of sour mind often unripe; a clawing, snarling type that thrives in company like itself. 2. An individual who satisfies his desire for company by making wild remarks, unbased, and often stimulated by a love for a good story; one who exaggerates the inconvenience of evident duty as an outrageous hardship; in essence an actor, often on the surface a good fellow.

When a new policy has been adopted by the students the "crab" finds much to chew upon. He recalls numerable unanswerable arguments, unanswered so far as he can see. He says to himself "I don't give a damn what happens to the plan. I won't do a thing for it." He rails against it; he has in his audiences probably many skeptical and still doubting persons. He will draw the attention of those men who want to be shown and who will not work to show themselves. He will sap that energy which otherwise might be used in profitably executing the policy. He will endeavor, after the project is once established to have nothing to do with it. He will cry "I told you so" at every halt in its progress. He applies his tactics in no constructive way.

Such is the crab.

Throughout the history of any college individuals of this type have shown themselves. They are not rare. It has been a common observance

too, that these men do not help their college. Comments to this effect have been made in this college this year! Yet there is no progress made to educate or even silence the offenders for their false attitude.

It is not a violation of the free-speech doctrine, a doctrine which must be always nurtured on a college campus, it is not suppression of one side of an argument, it is not exercise of assumed authority to prevent "crabs" from disseminating their half-considered ideas.

It must become the duty of some men on this campus to inform the "crabs" of their existence as such. The job of demanding open-mindedness evidently falls on the leaders of the student body. But it is not alone the leaders of college life that are obliged to suppress slander; the duty rests with every man who wishes to hear both sides of any matter before he judge on it. Should this simple means of informing the unprincipled mouth-pieces that they are not doing justice to their cause, to themselves and to others fail, the more definite means should be used.

Let us hope that the requirement for silence need not be enforced and that a suggestion to take account of stock will be sufficient.

But if it does not, let each man see that he has developed no traits of the "crab" himself and then let him see that his fellows think speak, and act with the same sincerity.

THE SQUIB is glad to welcome into its board those men who have shown themselves to be dependable in their effort, discriminating as to values and eager to establish the Squib as a College institution.

It is hoped that these men will assume in their turn the work of managing the publication of the Squib.

Squibby enrolls the following men as members of the board: Literary department—R. R. Brown, '20, C. A. Doucette '20, A. F. Boyce '20, C. E. White '22, and T. T. Abele '23; Art department—F. S. Fletcher '21, C. A. Towne '23; Business department—M. M. Smith '22, W. L. Bartlett '23, F. E. Buckley '23, D. A. Nowers '23.

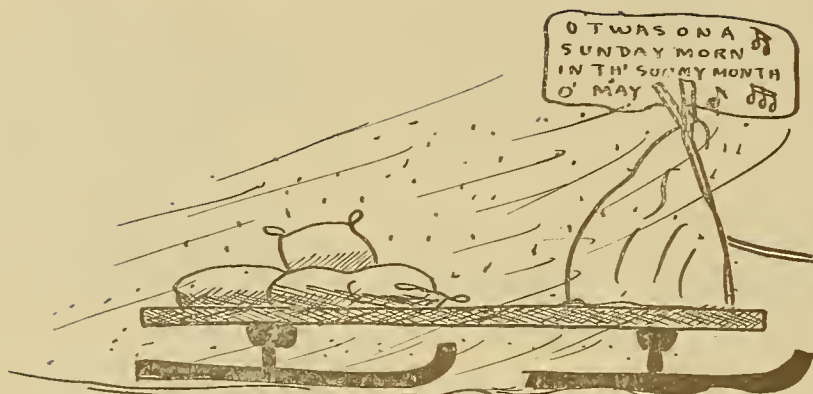
SOME SLUSH

There may be harm that kissin's done;
Perhaps it caused old Sodom's fall;
But I agree with Tennyson:
"Tis better to have kissed a lot,
(And held hands too, as like as not)
Than never to have kissed at all."

—Miss Quote.



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TO CUSHMAN.



DURING RECENT STORM - PUZZLE -
FIND THE CHAUFFEUR



SLEIGHS AND SLEIGHS

LEARNING

WHEN I was a frosh on the campus
'Twas said that my color was green,
I've had my pickin' of courses—
No very great change has been seen.
First they exposed me to language,
Then sciences I did pursue,
They fed me a strong philosophical dose
And then I thought I was through!

NOW I'm not any hand with a language,
For, taking them all along,
You never can tell what you're saying
And then you are like to be wrong—
You'll think you are talking in Spanish,
You'll find that you're talking "Francais",
The things that you learn from Latin and Greek
Won't get you a raise in your pay.

I WAS a wizard for Science,
Got away strongest with Chem—
Had a keen scent, so they told me,
For hydrogen, sulphides and then
Learned the why of the wherefore
In Physics and Biology—
When all's done and said, just see where it's led,
And learn about Science from me!

MY next deadly strife was with logic
Philosophy ne'er was my bent—
Ethics and argumentation
Can scarce solid ivory dent!
Then I consulted with Father,
He said, "Son, for the present, defer—
But quite early in life just get you a wife
And learn how to argue from her!"

POLITICAL Science they told me,
Well salted and peppered with Ec,
Would help to enfranchise the nation
And put down the bold Bolshevik
I might get a job on a school-board,
But President I'll never be—
Beware of the strife in political life
And learn how to govern from me!

I'VE taken each course as I've found it,
And now I've got a degree,
But I've found that one's not educated
To merely obtain an A. B.—
It's only a step on the ladder
An M. A. and then Phd.
So be warned by my lot, which I know you will
not,
And learn about learning from me!

S

When you go over to Mt. Holyoke on a Sunday night you want to buy a couple of magazines to read. The Atlantic Monthly should be one of them.

A Polack came up to a Yankee and asked him
"What ees it, dat a Polar Bear do?"

"Wal, I dunno. A Polar Bear he's just a bear
that sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

"Dat is funny. My friend he die, and his widow, she ask me to be a Polar Bear at his funeral."

S

A SWEET and wise miss from Sargent says that
Aggie teams are like fresh eggs because they
have never been beaten, but adds that thy are not
like overripe eggs which positively can't be
beat.

S

Chaperon—What time did you come in last night?

Marie—Quarter of twelve.

Chaperon—But I sat up until three.

Marie—But that is quarter of twelve.

S

Hick in the P. O.—Is there any mail for me?

Clerk—For whom.

Hick—For me, are yer deaf today?

Clerk—Well, I've got to know yer name.

Hick—See here, young feller, don't get sassy.
If you want to find out my name, you'll find it
on my letters if there be any.

S

WANTED—A can of white paint with red
stripes in it to paint barber poles.

S

Pat—Now ther' wuz four of us, ther' wuz the
Gerarhty twins, Murphy, Horrigan, and I can't
think who the other feller wuz.



SOPHOMORES

S

RINGS

MANY rings there are of all kinds,
There are Rings for you and I.
Now how often do I wonder
Why each ring may mean a sigh.

WHEN the old bell rings for chapel
Many tumble to the floor.
"Henry, Henry, we are coming,
Hold that door a moment more."

THERE'S a little ring with meaning
Making all the world seem bliss,
But it is an endless torment
Oft beginning with a kiss.

OFTEN when I go a calling
Over on that College Miss,
Ten P. M. is very early,
Scarcely even time to—kiss.

FATE

I wrote to college girls galore,
Until my fingers got quite sore
But did not think it was a chore.

The answers came in all day long
Bits of verse and scores of song
And some told me where I belong

One note the others did surpass
For I did write to one fair lass
Whose Hubby said I had the sass
To write to a MARRIED WOMAN.

S

Mary—Do you know what John did to me last night, Mother?

Mother—No, what?

Mary—He kissed me.

Mother—My heavens, did you scold him,

Mary—Yes, I sat on him. And do you know what else he did to me, mother?

Mother—No, what else did he do?

Mary—He kissed me on the forehead.

Mother—Did you scold him for that?

Mary—Yes, I called him down.

S

Sophomore—What are you standing there for? for?"

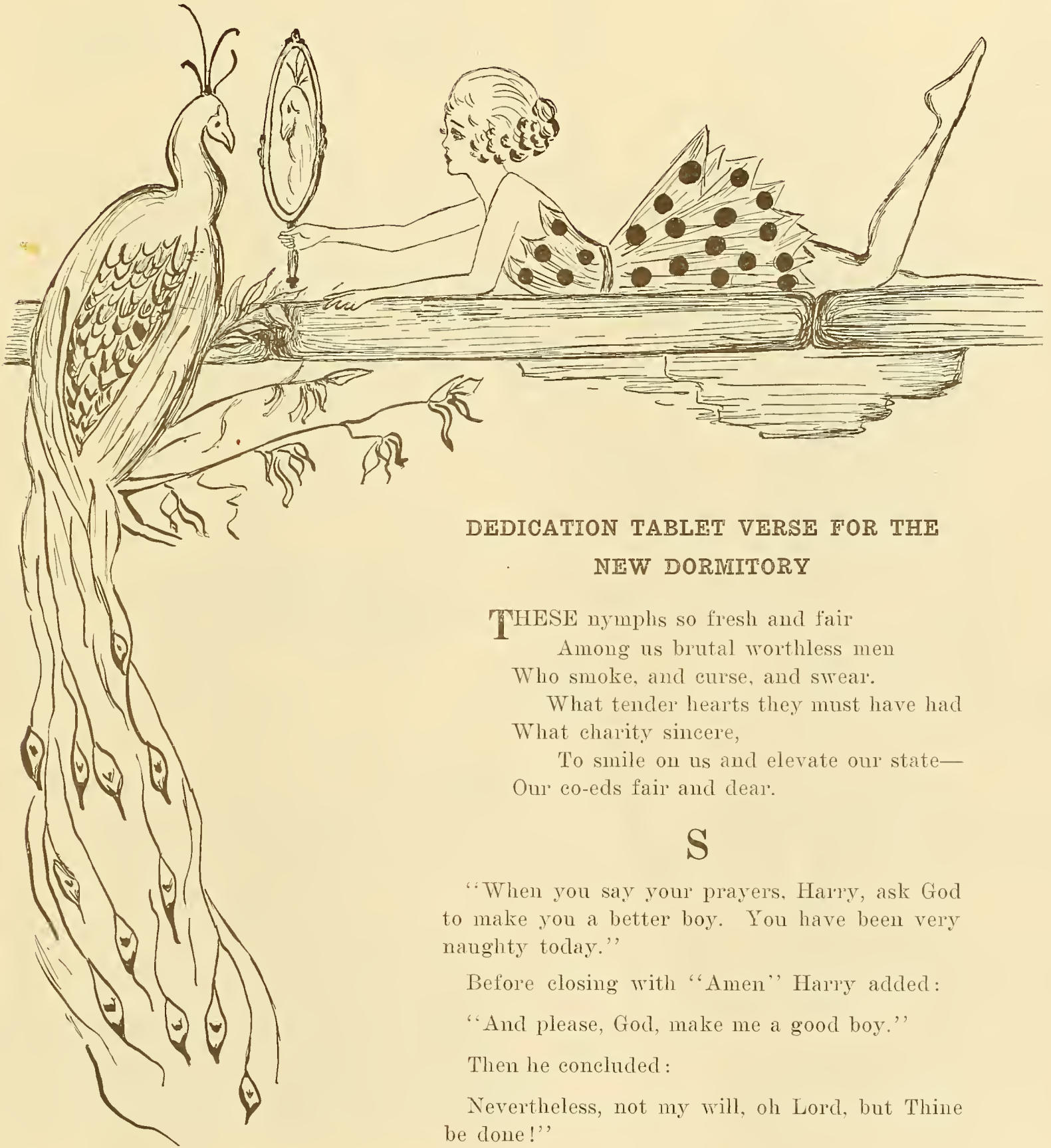
Freshman—Nothing.

Sophomore—Well, move on then, if everyone in the college stood still, how would the rest get past?

S

Hungry Student—Say, how is the soup today?

Ditto, who has just finished a meal—I'll tell ya, that soup is strong today. They took a quart of water and concentrated it down to a pint by boiling.



DEDICATION TABLET VERSE FOR THE
NEW DORMITORY

THESE nymphs so fresh and fair
Among us brutal worthless men
Who smoke, and curse, and swear.
What tender hearts they must have had
What charity sincere,
To smile on us and elevate our state—
Our co-eds fair and dear.

S

“When you say your prayers, Harry, ask God
to make you a better boy. You have been very
naughty today.”

Before closing with “Amen” Harry added:

“And please, God, make me a good boy.”

Then he concluded:

Nevertheless, not my will, oh Lord, but Thine
be done!”

S

She—What makes that red spot on your nose?

He—Glasses.

She—Glasses of what?

S

Jack—She isn’t exactly pretty but there’s an
indescribable something about her I like.

Jim—Yes, I hear her father has a lot of that.

S

USING THE BEAN

Dining Hall Cheers J. Stitt Wilson

2 Year Man (wonderingly)—What are they
cheering the President for?

S

Boarder (looking at plate of beef stew)—“Now
I know what a mess of pottage is.”

THE SQUIB

AN ODE

"Doc" Cance—
How he rance;
Like to kick him
In the pance.

Look at Billy
Hard and chilly;
Makes you feel
So awful silly.

In Poultry, Payne
(Thought quite insane)
Showers "dope"
Like wintry rain.

Bean-pole Torrey—
Say, by gorrey,
Tend to biz, or
You'll be sorrey.

"Doc" Gordon's Zoo—
(One long moo)
It might prove
Your Waterloo.

And Mr. Rand—
(Strike up the band)
Likes to tell you that
You're cand.

To "Bull" Prince
Some time since
We gave the dub
Of Clown Quince.

And many more
Along with Gore
We'd like to rhyme
Like those before.

But since we can't
Let's have some Jazz,
And give them all
The royal Razz

S

She—I'll marry you on just one condition.

He—Oh, that's all right. I entered college on four.

"I'm getting to be a regular horseman now, I carry around four bits with me all the time."

S

A KISS—Nothing divided by two, meaning persecution for the infant, ecstasy for the youth, fidelity for the middle aged, and homage for the old.

A HAMMOCK—Happiness on hooks, also a popular contrivance whereby lovemaking may be suspended but not stopped during the open season for dears.

S

FOR LADIES ONLY

Why is it called "Woman's" curiosity?

S

We have noticed that the military department is going under pirate colors now days.

S

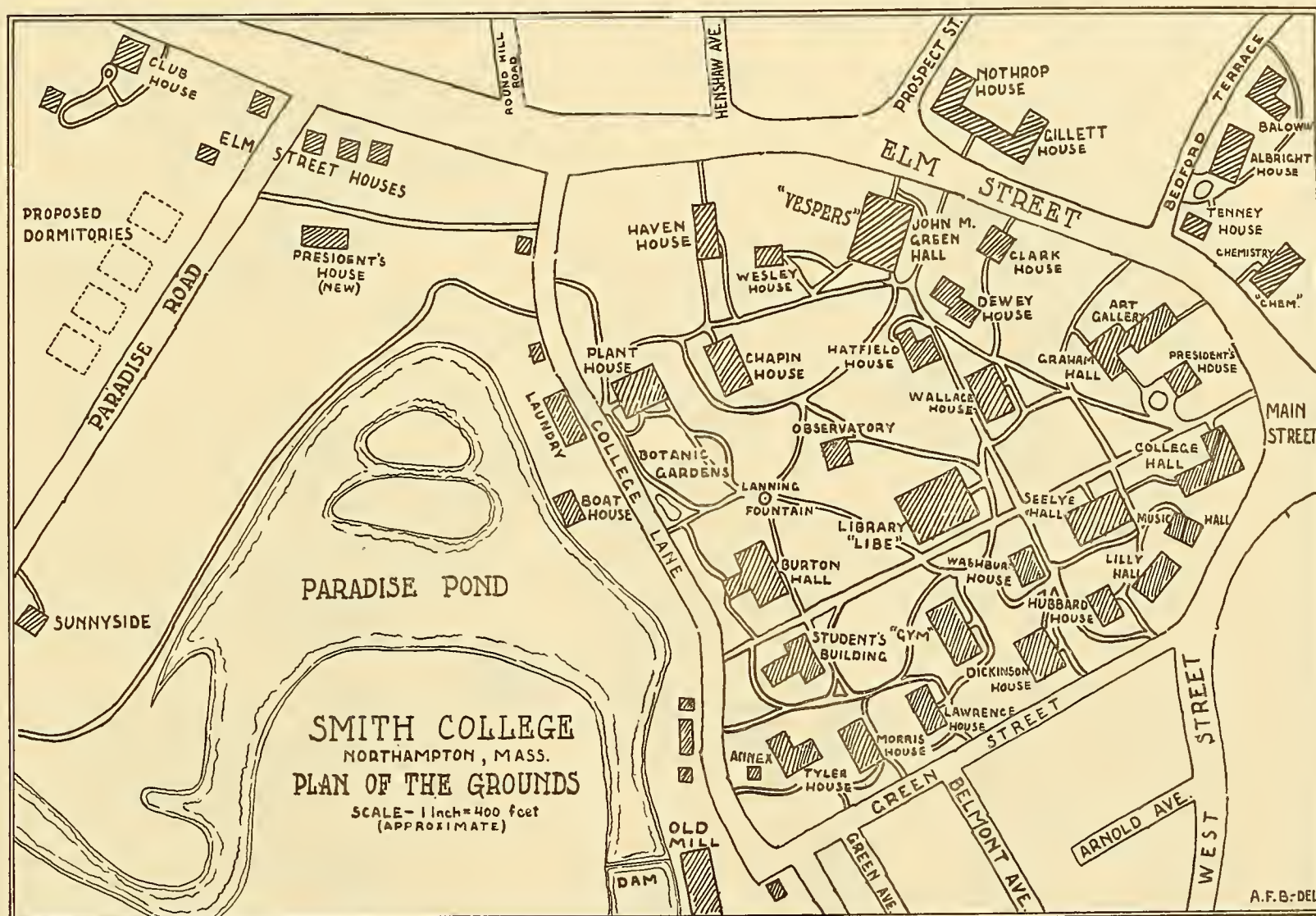
VARIETIES OF SALMON THAT WERE

Judging from the absence of salmon at the Dining Hall, we remind the boarders that the fish have gone up to the southern end of the pond to spawn but will probably return before college closes.

S

Ques.-Zoo 666—"I have here an animal that goes around making a peculiar flapping noise. It has a rather large body but tapers down to two pipestem legs. Smoke issues from its mouth and nostrils at all times—what is it?

Ans.—"An Amherst student wearing unbuckled overshoes, golf stockings, and smoking a cigarette.



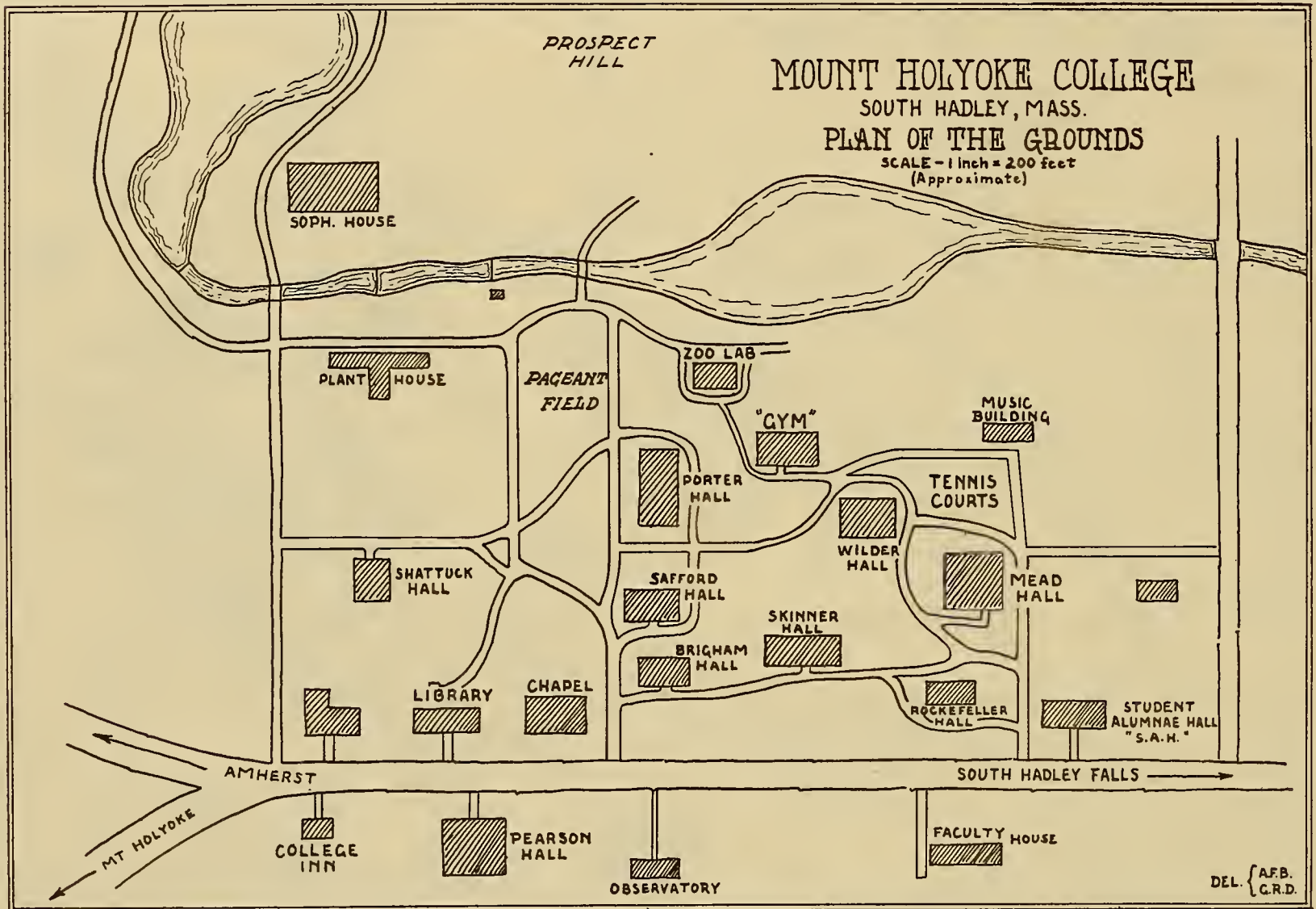
DIRECTIONS FOR USE

1. In answer to urgent requests we sent our star reporter, Jim Crow, the famous informer for Squibby, on the difficult assignment of compiling information regarding our sister institution across the river, in order that the aspiring but less venturesome society men of Aggie might have reliable and complete information to insure success.
2. Jim Crow obtained a bird's eye view, which is here in print for the first time.
3. To use this map first select the house where you desire to call. Then determine its latitude and longitude, and make sure that you could find your way to and from said house shackled and blindfolded. Secondly, think of some name such as Helen or Mary and after calling the house-keeper on the 'phone, inquire for the damosel. Some one is sure to answer. Then in your sweetest voice, say that you will "be over" on the 7.30 car.
4. Beware, if you pass through the Grotto three times with the same girl, you are expected to propose.—Remember this is leap year, too.
5. "Dippy Hill" was left out purposely, so that visitors on the campus would follow the right paths.
6. Although Squibby will be delighted to furnish any obtainable information, it is under no obligation to guarantee that the traveler may reach his destination. (SEE C. V. St. Ry. Co.)
7. Interior views of the Court House, Insane Asylum, and County Jail may be obtained from the City of Northampton.
8. Squibby is unable to state whether or not Seelye Hall is named for the Springfield doctor.
9. The "last car" for Amherst leaves Main street, Northampton, at 11.00 P. M.
10. All travellers should read the following inspired verses:

A walk down through the Grotto
Is surely Paradise,
But if you have an auto
You're sure to cut the ice.

If you would a-nutting go
On Dippy Hill you'll stroll.
The way is easier to know
'Round Round Hill, I am told.

Aggie fussers will be slow
If they don't choose the Bay State,
There is a spot where lights are low,
Try it—the Lyman Estate.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE

1. Squibby has gone to enormous expense in maintaining the Holyoke Street Railway Company, until sufficient time when the present advertising campaign might be established. In publishing the map of the settlement known as "Across the Mountain" it is hoped that our social lions will patronize the company by venturing upon the new fields of conquest that have been opened up.
2. Do not confuse this map with the one over the page. SHE might see your path to the Students' Building.
3. Special maps showing outlying districts may be secured upon application to Squibby's Map Editor.
4. Any students who may be a bit shady on the subject of "Map Reading" are recommended to MIL. 26, under the supervision of the "Professor of Military Science and Tactics."
5. Before taking the Holyoke car peruse carefully the following orders obtained from the enemy camp.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 234567

1. "Don't ring the door-bell of college houses—you'll be mistaken for a fusser or a bill-collector if you do."
2. "Don't fail to introduce your friends to the Head of the House and to the resident member of the faculty."
3. "Don't be a social climber. Be nice to everyone."

South Hadley, March, 1920.

6. Be not lured to the great city beyond.
7. Remember the "Man Dances" in S. A. H.
7. Forget not Vespers in the Chapel.
9. Do not let the last car to Amherst go without you. You are not in Hamp., and the home road is hilly.
10. Travel warmly clad, for "cold shoulders and ice water" form a large part of the trans-mountain diet.

RIPS

WHAT are those tearing sounds I hear
That fill my soul with pain?
I move, and lo! the groaning sounds
Dismay my heart again.
I cannot stir, I cannot twist,
I cannot turn my frame
Without a ripping sound so near,
The moanings ne'er grown tame.

BUT hist! I hear the shrieks once more
As heard from mortal breast—
I start, I feel my panting pulse,
The shrieks will never rest,
For days may come and days may go
And still the sounds are there,
I'll soon be wild with crazy fear,
Insane, I'll tear my hair.

AND now I lay the secret bare,
(It gives me deepest shame!)
I have no clothing fit to wear
I'm going to my "hame."
For tyrant, Laundry, ever makes
The vixen, Rips, gain power,
At once he ravages and slits
And then,—Dismay! I cower!

S

SHE WAS CLEVER

Wife—Oh, darling, I've lost my pearl brooch!
Hubby—What are you going to do about it?

Wife—Won't you offer a reward?

Hubby—But I gave you five hundred the last time you lost it.

S

"Last time I was up to the Infirmary I had some of that pudding that they make with a bicycle pump."

S

"It's a strong stomach that has no turning."



IN ANY WEATHER

S

Spanish Senorita (discussing the mid-year in Spanish II)—"Girls, FLORETE means FOIL, or light sword, not little flower."

Members of class compare notes in the corridor, forgetting the rules of the shush committee, on the sight translation of:

"Lo doblaba hasta convertiolo en un arco, me azotaba los pantalones, lo blandia a guisa de florete."

Viola—"I wrote: 'I took a boat without taking off my trousers and then I planted a little flower.' "

Eleanor—"I said: 'I stood under the arch and found I had forgotten my pants.' "

Doris (in a rather weak voice)—"He pulled off my—(pause) and twisted them into the likeness of a little flower.' "

S

A few men over 6 feet tall are wanted to dust off the books on the top shelves of the library.

FRI.
13



DID YOU EVER GET A LETTER LIKE THIS?

Any Woman's College,
Wednesday.

Dear Hector—

I received your darling letter sometime ago and please, please won't you pardon my not having answered it sooner? You see, I have been so awfully busy and studies are so unusually difficult that I have had very little time to spare—you've forgiven me now, haven't you? That's wonderful of you. Oh, Hector, I have some potent news. You know that Miss Adams whose hair was so obnoxious to you, and who had such an excruciating voice, well, there is a rumor about the campus that she was expelled for taking three extra light cuts. Isn't that hectic?

I just adore my astronomy prof. He has a darling little moustache, and is so blase. I spoke to him for ten whole minutes yesterday and his eyes just thrilled me. I would have stayed longer but as there were about ten other girls waiting I had to leave. Wasn't that a shame?

I dined with Willie Boyce from Amherst at the Draper a few evenings past. I think he is a trifle Bohemian, but, oh, he just rolls in wealth. He does dress so well, and his conversation was so illuminating. He said his whole evening was ruined without champagne. Can you imagine?

Don't tell your roommate, but I like him awfully well. He seems so virile. One of the girls at the house danced with him at your last informal, and she thinks he is awfully nice. Oh, Hector, are you going to your Prom this year? I must stop now as it is nearly ten o'clock. Nighty, night.

As ever,

AGNES.

PLAIN FACTS

Found on Exam Papers

Hannibal invaded Italy with 30,000 men, 28 of which were elephants.

A vacuum is an empty space with nothing inside it.

Gender explains whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

Days are shorter in December than in June because the cold contracts.

S

A well known astronomy professor has put up the following notice: "All those who wish to see Venus tonight come to see me."

S

WE THINK SO TOO ! !

Prof.—"It is very important that you be marked present whether you are here or not."

S

MARY had a little lamb
And chewed it into pulp,
But when the waiter brought the bill
The lamb made Mary gulp.

A CURIOSITY

Blink—Who is that guy over there?

Blank—He's the fellow that takes notes in tactics lecture.

S

COLLEGE GIRLS TAKE NOTICE

Question received by our "Advice to the Love-Lorn" Dept.—Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her.

Ans.—Send us your photo, and we may be able to tell you the reason.

S

HM. WE THOUGHT SO.

Enraged Student:—Let me see the man that cooked that stew!

Waiter:—Sorry, sir, but he was fired last Spring.

S

Count de Noaccownt:—Deah fawther, I have proposed to your daughtah. And-er-the-dowry?

Whale Oil Soap King—Sure it's a dory yer want, and I thot it wud be a steam yacht you'd be askin' for.

S

Dear Squibby—Last night I went out with a young man and drank a pint of port wine. Did I do wrong?

Ans.—Don't you remember?

A TREATISE ON THE SLEEPING SICKNESS PREVALENT IN THE LIBRARY

SAID the little molecules of carbon
Bound to little friends of oxide,
And the other tiny rascal germlets,
That within our library reside,
"Lucky day and fair that brought us hither,
Tossed about the universe—
Here we live in perfect, blissful freedom,
Here we're not condemned a curse,
Here we fear not cruel Ventilation—
A foe that drives us all to flight,
Here in comfort, ease and cheering plenty
Everything for us is bright.

BUT the weary student sighing, yawning
In the stuffy heated nooks,
Breathed again the atmosphere as ancient
As the dusty, molding books—
Breathed again the aged carbon oxide,
Breathed a thousand times before,
And o'ercome with drowsy suffocation,
Drops his pen upon the floor,
And his heavy eyelids flicker, waver
Twixt the real and lands of dreams—
Then his sleepy head sinks slowly downward,
Hearing not stern Duty's screams!

S

Prof. Hart—And I couldn't sell that flock of fish.

Voice—Flying fish?

S

Student on the B. & M.—Conductor, is this a fast train?

—Yes Sir.

—I thought so, do you mind if I get out to see what it is fast to?

S

I buy my shoes in Holyoke, the PAPER CITY.

DRILLING THE DEVILS

A Military Melodrama in One Act

Scene: The office of the Professor of Military Science and Tactics at an Eastern University.

Time: Shortly before drill.

Characters: Captain X, U. S. A.

Sargent Y. U. S. A. (retired).

(As curtain rises, a large pair of cavalry boots are discovered resting on the surface of a flat-topped desk. Bull Durham smoke and sighs emerge from behind the boots. All else is silence.)

(There is a knocking at the door. Exit boots, enter head and shoulders of Capt. X.)

Capt. X—Come in!

(Enter Sargent Y, dressed in prescribed R. O. T. C. uniform, in evident dejection.)

Sarg. Y—(Peering fearfully at wrist watch). The zero hour approaches!

Capt. X.—What, so soon? Why, it hardly seems a day since I saw the last ruffian hurl his rifle into the rack and disappear within the walls of yon library.

Sarg. Y—Ah yes! but 'twas four days past, and now the chapel bell tells me that the desperate army is once more gathering to attack. (Sarg. Y. wipes brow, then bursts out wildly)—Oh sir, sir, think of my age, my family! Surely our good government does not wish that I should risk my life in that crowd of devils, in that—that—

Capt. X.—Calm yourself, my dear sargent! I assure you that I feel with you, for you.—

Sarg. Y—If they would only detail me to Siberia, to Hawaii, to Pelham, anywhere where civilized people live, but here—oh!—oh!

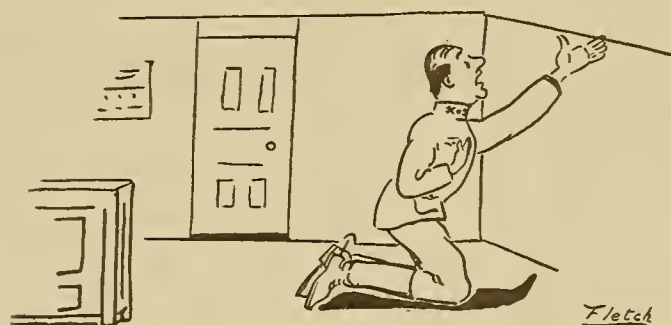
Capt. X—I know, I know. (Coughs violently) Sargent, before the great conflict, I commanded a regiment in which three bloody bodies were laid on the snow in one single night. During the last few years, I led my brave dusky warriors over the top into the German trenches three times; I languished for months in a prison camp, a pin cushion for Hun privates, a punching bag for Hun officers. But now, when I hear that blood-curdling yell, when I see the sneering fiends lined up before me, my knees tremble, and—(A great shout is heard below).

Sarg. Y—(Grasping the desk for support.) They're here, they're here! Oh sir, would that thirty stripes were laid on my poor back rather than that I should venture into that den alone!

Capt. X—(Rising and grasping his comrades hand) Farewell, sargent, farewell! We may never meet again, but duty calls—calls— (They clasp each other, weeping on each other's necks; then the sargent breaks loose, salutes, faces about and exits.)

(The shouting below grows louder, then dies away.) Captain X retires to a corner, sinks onto his knees, and prays. A whistle is heard. Capt. X takes a small picture from blouse pocket, kisses it tenderly, and—exits.

Quick Curtain



Fletch

TO MORNING CHAPEL

THE chapel belfry bell,
Softly knells its knell,
And Henry's there to yell
Hip !

WE leave the half-boiled oat,
And seize the nearest coat,
For Henry's lost his goat.
Hip !

THE snow storms bring their snow
The seasons come and go,
Still Henry's there to crow,
Hip !

CHEER up, the days are near,
When we'll be glad to hear
That warning ringing clear
Hip !

S

DARKNESS

Shadowy, distant patter of footsteps,
Sounds, eerie,? vague.
A rattle of paper—
Silence.—

Suspicious deepening to certainty bringing
Utter terror
A tiny squeak
MICE !!!

S

A despondent looking individual, with a coil of rope under one arm, walked into the hotel.

He approached the night clerk and said,—

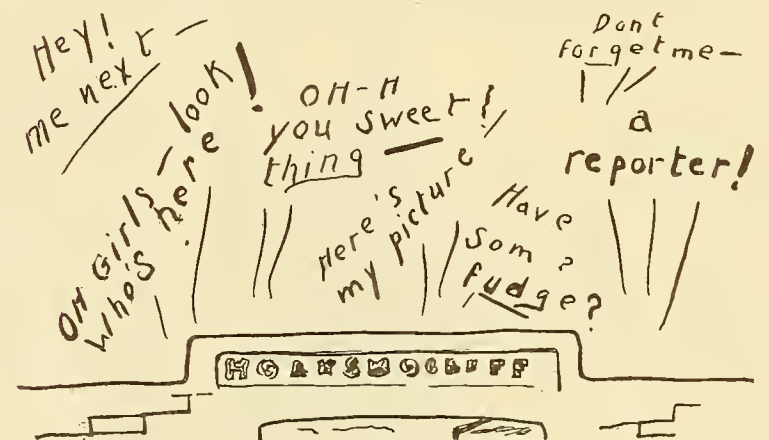
"I'd like a small room on the top floor. One away from the street."

"But what's the idea of the rope?" asked the night clerk.

"Oh— —er— —" said the D. L. I.

"I'm bringing that along for a fire-escape."

"I see," says the N. C. "Guests with fire-escapes kindly pay in advance."



S

Most men love the conflicting sex
All men love to be told they do.

THE SQUIB

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

Three Acts, ending in a Scene

Dramatis Personae:

Miss Anette Muchadamon, 22, Mrs. Smith's College.

Mr. Harry A. Buylow, a student at the Cultural College who seeks company of a fair maid.

A company of several students from each college taking minor parts in the development of the tale.

Scene: The Connecticut Valley

ACT 1.—A telephone booth in Amherst.

ACT II—Parlor at the Dixie House, Mrs. Smith's Campus.

ACT III—Study room of H. A. Buylow after his return.

ACT I.

"NUMBER Please."

"Northampton 8293."

Gdring-g-g-g-g

"Ten Cents, please. Ready."

"Hello, may I speak to Miss Muchadamon?"

"Hello" sweetly wafted over the wire.

"Oh, Miss Muchadamon? Well, this is Sam Lanneff. You met me at an informal last fall. Yes, I have a special favor to ask of you, Miss Muchadamon. I have a friend here who wants to meet some girls and I am helping him out. I can't go over the river myself for a couple of weeks because I am loaded down with work, but I thought if I might introduce him over the 'phone you and he might arrange matters—(Harry, psst)—Miss Muchadamon, allow me to present Mr. Buylow (Go to it, friend)—

ACT II

Parlor at the Dixie House, Smith Campus.

"MAY I see Miss Muchadamon?"

"Yes, she will be right down."

(Chorus of "Paging Annette" from nooks and corners of the Dixie House.)

"Miss Muchadamon? I'm Mr. Buylow. You know, agreeable to our telephone conversation of last night I thought I would come over for the evening."

"Oh! I am very glad to see you Mr. Buylow, won't you sit down?"

("What the devil do you talk about, anyway?")

Chorus of silence continues for several minutes.

Finally: "How is everything at Smith? How's Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Smith, and all the little Smithies?"

"Fine, thank you. Houz 'taters?"

"Say, I think you look perfectly wonderful. I didn't know I was going to strike anything like this. What's this Paradise I've heard speak of over here?"

"Paradise? Oh! that's up towards the end of the campus."

"Well, you know I've heard quite a bit about it and I thought I might look it over. They told me that Milton based his 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Same Regained' on his college days."

"Just a minute, and I'll put on some wraps and we'll give it the once around."

Exeunt. Several awe-stricken female faces appear around various doors, etc.

"Gee, who do you suppose tied that bat?" "She'd never fall for that thing." "Did you see that Waldemar—simulates opulence, I suppose." "If he didn't part his hair in the middle he'd be pretty good." "Do you suppose she'll get an informal out of him?"

ACT III

SCENE:—Study-room of Buylow. After his return.

Enter Mr. Buylow.

General chorus:—"Well, howdyer make out Harry?" "What kind of a time did you have?" "Did she fall for the jewelry?" "What does she look like?" "Did you pick a lemon?" "Tell us about it." "What did you do for amusement?" "Did you visit Paradise?" "When are you going over again?" "Did she like my shirt?"



“THE bell at ten has put an end to play!

The last tired girl has scurried off to bed.

The watchman downward plods his weary way,
And, oh, for me, the long hard night that is ahead!
Now all but that black note book fades from sight.

A deathly stillness fills the stuffy air,—

Save when I sigh—a deep despairing sigh—

And yawn and twist, here in my creaking chair.

On those red lines and in my word-sign book

My “ar’s” and “ray’s” are mixed and always
wrong.

Each shady, ill-proportioned word my shame.

Dots for dashes, hooks where dots belong.

Oh, breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The milkman’s clanging bottles make me rage.

The iceman’s wagon loudly rumbles down the
street—

And now—at last—I’ve learned the whole blanked
page.”

—Apology to Tom Gray.

S

Two year man—“Gee, the chaplain wrote me a
letter the other day to find out why I was not at
chapel.”

“Not that. The belles are peeling, don’t you
know.”—Ex.

S

Abie—I think that I will buy one of them cheap-
skin coats.

S



A JUNIOR

You Will Like Our Optical Service

for it is a service of the highest class, thoroughly modern in every respect, and maintained constantly at the exacting standard we have set for ourselves. If you have the slightest suspicion of eye trouble you should come to us at once for a consultation with our expert optometrist. Remember, poor vision is a handicap in both work and play, and you cannot afford to neglect your eyes.

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is a most attractive and unique art center, and in our gallery you will find many a picture which will be just the thing for the college man’s room. We shall be especially pleased to serve M. A. C. students with regard to the decoration of their rooms by distinctive and appropriate pictures.

THE PARK COMPANY, Inc.

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Superior Service

257 Main Street

Northampton, Mass.

BEFORE PROHIBITION

A kindergarten childrens' song as taught by a Wheelock girl to her pupils:—

"THIS is the loving mother
Always good, always dear;
This is the busy father
Always brave and full of cheer."

A little tot was asked to recite the verse before some company and rendered it as follows:

"THIS is the loing mother
Always good, always dear;
This is the busy fatehr
Always brave and full of beer."

S

TRY IT

The little girl came in in an angry mood, the tears were running down her cheeks despite her efforts to stop them.

"What is the matter, Alice," asked her mother.

After much inquiry, the little girl blurted out, "Well, a boy kissed me but I kissed him back on the cheek so hard I guess he won't do it again."

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Two girls from Wheelock's were sitting in a crowded street car and were exchanging notes about the size of their practice classes.

One remarked, "I have thirteen children, how many have you?"

The second replied, "I have fifteen."

Whereupon an Irishman who overheard the remarks asked, "Excuse me, ladies, but what part of Ireland did you two come from?"

S

"What is the difference between a barber and a sculptor?"

"A barber curls up and dyes and a sculptor makes faces and busts."

S

Son of Progress—Wouldn't it be possible to keep corn if you had an air tight place with good ventilation.

Watch for the "Sporting News" number.

IT COMES IN MAY.

Prom engagements will be treated therein.

The New and Beautiful
HOTEL
BRIDGWAY
Bridge Street and Broadway
SPRINGFIELD

Business Men's Lunch, 12 to 2.30, 75c.
Dinner, 6 to 8.30, \$1.50

Informal Dancing Every Evening from 10 to Midnight
Excellent Music by the Bridgway Orchestra

GEORGE A. LEONARD
Vice-President and Resident Manager

CLOTHES MAKE MABLE

Slim:—"You don't seem as enthusiastic over Mabel as you used to."

Jim:—"Naw, I saw her in a gym suit."
—Sun Dodger.

◆ ◆ ◆
"Did you hear about the Elevator dance?"
"No."

"It's a cinch. No steps to it."
—Record.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

If there are fourteen hairs on the left side of a bald man's head, and you can get three barrels of succotash from 1-4 of an acre of corn and beans which sell at two cents an ounce, how many potato parings will it take to shingle the roof of the Bingville meetin' house?

—Awgwan.

College Store

Get the
habit

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The Jewel Store of Northampton

Modish Styles in Jewelry

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FROM FAMOUS PRODUCERS PRESENTING

America's Greatest Stars

PROGRAM CHANGED DAILY

Frederick P. Belmont, Mgr.



FAMOUS LINES FROM FAMOUS AUTHORS

"Gnashing his teeth our hero dived into the soup."—Dante.

—Gargoyle.



E. J. GARE & SON

Jewelers

112 Main Street, Northampton, Mass.



*"Massachusetts Men" welcome to look over
our stock at any time.*

Kodaks

Victor Records

Deuel's Drug Store

Fountain Pens

Pipes

"Gladys," said her mother, "you stood on the porch quite a while with that young man last night."

"Why, mother," replied Gladys, "I only stood there for a second."

"Yes," said mother, "but I am sure I heard the third and the fourth."

—Lehigh Burr

The Plymouth Inn

West and Green Streets
Northampton

Homelike and Refined Atmosphere
Meals a la carte

Rooms \$2.00, with bath \$3.00

On the approved list

Visit our Tea Room in Annex when wanting a
NICE LUNCH

All Home Cooking—Open 11 a. m. to 8 p. m.

A youth met a maid at the shore
And he said, "Your the girl I adore,
I trust, yes I do,
That I'll see more of you."

And she blushed and he wondered what for.

—Roller Monthly



Mt. Holyoke girls appear in tents of the Arabs.

—Traveler.

HOTEL NONOTUCK

HOLYOKE, MASS.

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Business Men and Tourists

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SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA

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◆ ◆ ◆
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◆ ◆ ◆

Hardware

THE MUTUAL PLUMBING & HEATING CO.

Amherst

CHICAGO—Co-eds cheer on Delta Tau Delta and Sigma Alpha Epsilon freshies in pajama race; six wore pink and six wore blue, at start, but all were purple with cold. Then co-eds fed 'em milk from nursing bottles.
—Boston Traveler

◆ ◆ ◆

WHY THE RUSH?

Fan—(late arrival, out of breath): "What's the score?"

Pan—"Nothing to nothing."

Fan—"Good game, eh?"

Pan—"I don't know. It hasn't started yet."

—Sun Dodger

◆ ◆ ◆

Er—"Where can I find ladies' garters?"

"Oh, sir, can't you guess?"

—Lampoon.

◆ ◆ ◆

Daughter—Oh, father, how grand it is to be alive! The world is too good for anything. Why isn't everyone happy?

Father—Who is he this time?—Tar Baby.

◆ ◆ ◆

Women who consider indecent the short skirts some women affect may base their opposition on reasons they do not wish to make public—Judge.

She—"Have you seen the new bodies this fall, Albert?"

He (dopily)—"Solar, automobile or Winter Garden, m'dear?"—Jack-o-Lantern.

◆ ◆ ◆

Old Tar (on ocean liner)—"I notice, madam, that you haven't got your sea-legs yet?"

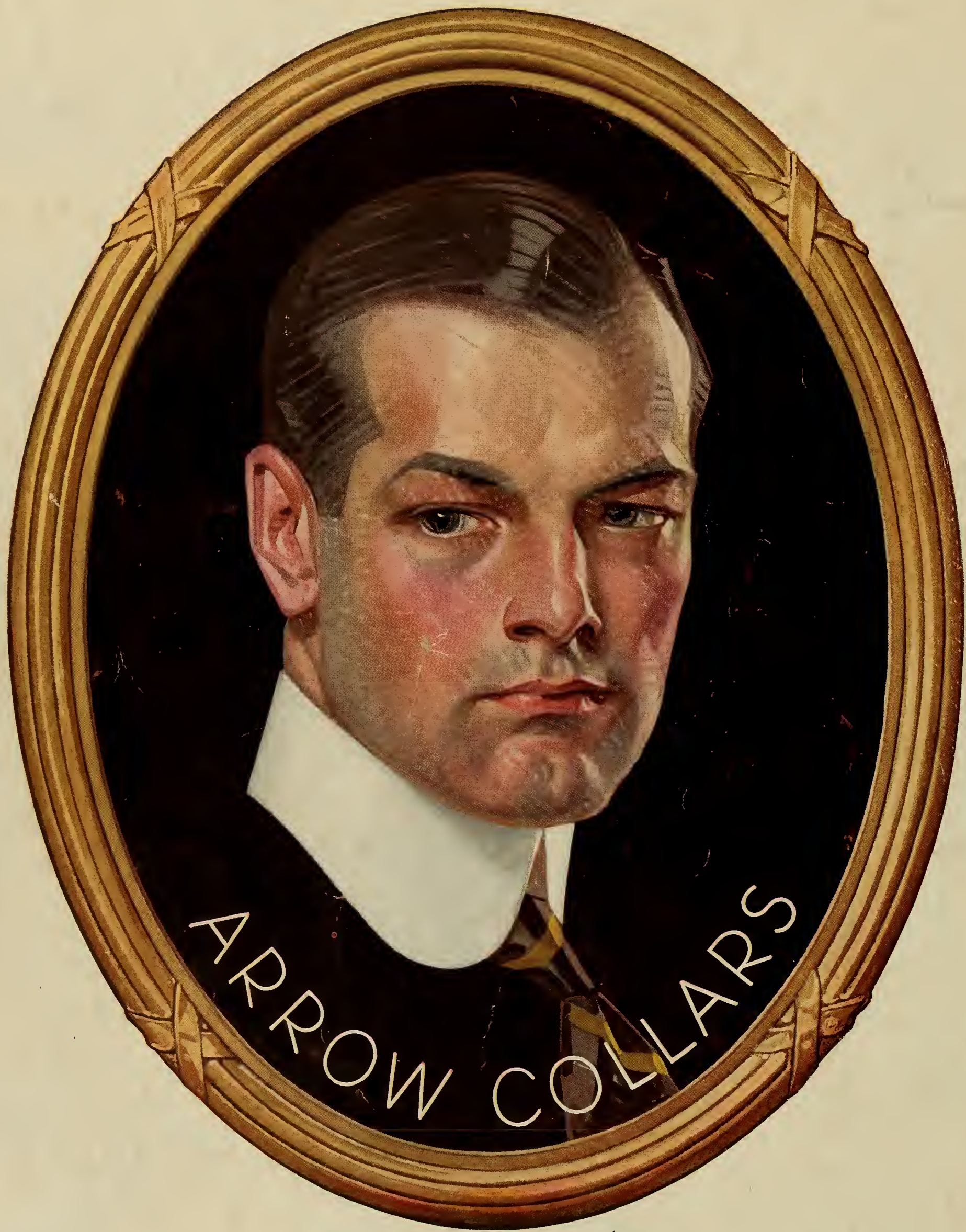
Young Widow (blushing)—"Well, you would not be able to notice them if it weren't for this naughty wind."—Awgwan.

◆ ◆ ◆

Beauty is all that woman has to fight with.

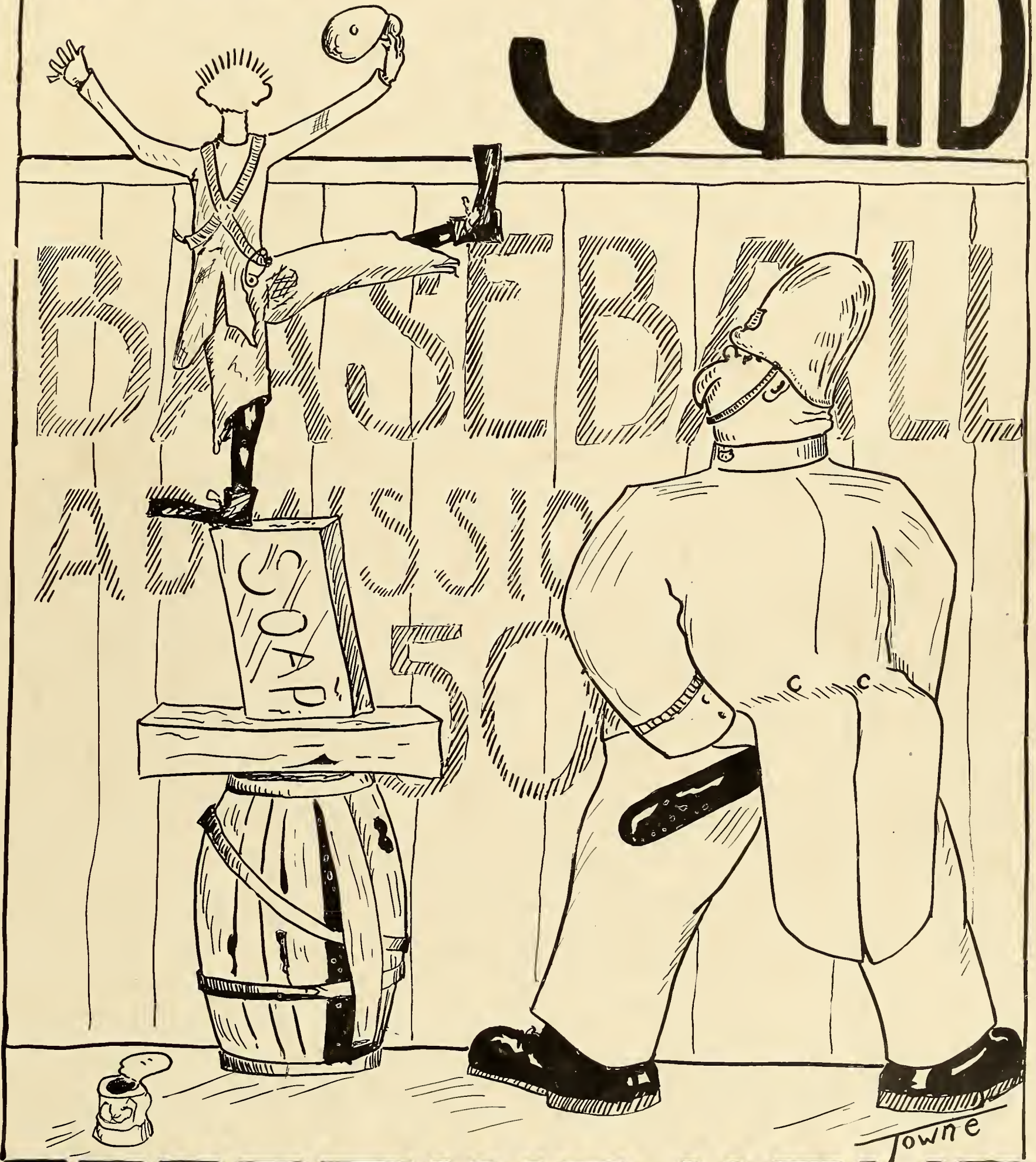
Well, they'll never be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

—Life.



MAY 24 1920

The Aggies Squib



SPORTING NEWS

E. J. GARE & SON

Jewelers

112 Main Street, Northampton, Mass.



*"Massachusetts Men" welcome to look over
our stock at any time.*

Rounder 1—What are we doing tonight?

Rounder 2—Let's go over to the cemetery and
dig up a couple of girls. —Yale Record



Parent—Was that my daughter I saw you kissing
last night?

Diogenes, Jr—No, sir; your wife.

Yale Record

Some people live to eat, Others eat to live.

Boyden's Restaurant

Serves All

Delicious Dishes

Best of Service

Catering

Facilities for College Banquets

196 Main Street

Northampton

OUR REPUTATION FOR MARKED
SUPERIORITY IS UNIQUE

WE ARE THE BEST
WE ADMIT IT

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7c. a pound, 1c additional each piece. Minimum 50c.

WASH AND IRON

Flat work 7c. a pound. 1c. additional each piece.
Starched Goods at list prices

FAMILY WASH

(all sorts of work) 7c. a pound. 1c. additional each
piece. Starched pieces at list prices. Bodywork 7c. pc.

Work Guaranteed—Prompt Delivery

Small Boy—What's an isthmus, papa?

Dad—A bottle with a narrow neck, me boy.

Small Boy—Well, your isthmus is sticking out
of your hip pocket. —Gargoyle



Those boys at that house must have awfully
good times. Dick was telling me about a new
game they play over there.

What was the game?

I don't know exactly. Dick called it galloping
dominoes. —Gargoyle

PLAZA THEATRE

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

PICK O'THE WORLD PHOTOPLAYS

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Games

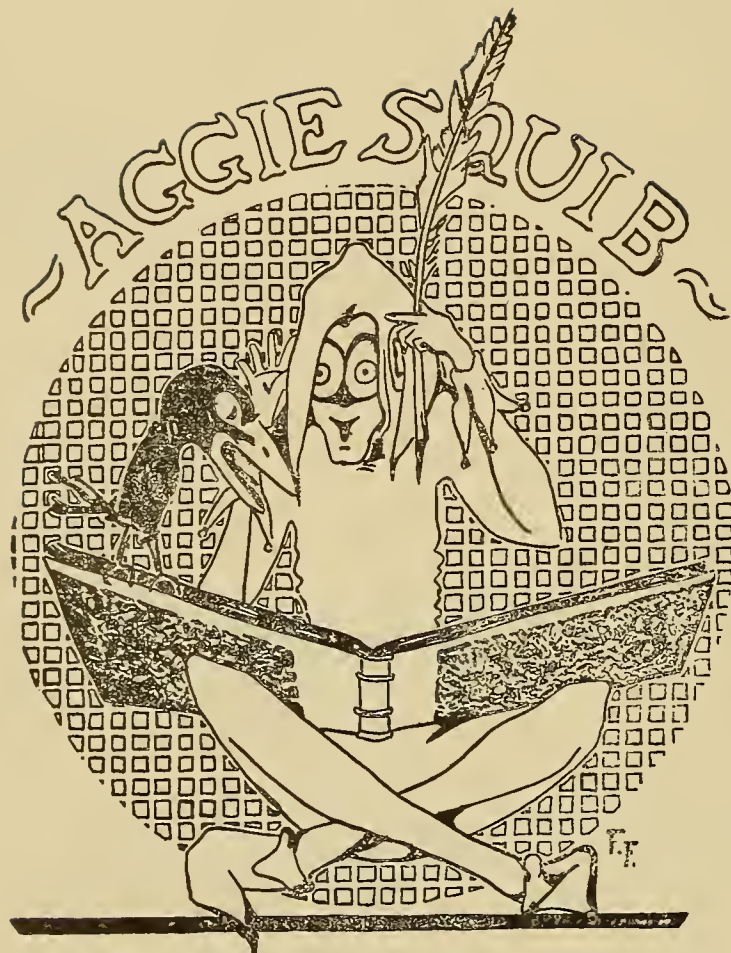
Once our games were with marbles
And tops and our boyhood toys,
We knuckled and pegged them in earnest,
We played with the fierceness of boys.

Wild tribes from the riotous west,
Then bandits or heroes far-famed
We mimicked in every respect,
The men who traced o'er the plain.

But games on the court and the diamond
Surplanted these wandering dreams,
And we scored points in keener contests
Alone or amassed by teams.

Sports we played for their own sakes,
Victory the laurel alone
We strove thoughtless of future
We worked for the game and won.

But the game of life, far keener,
Where you're team and coach all in one
Holds the sweets of success as its glory
To the man whose work is his fun.



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE.

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John A. Crawford.

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Vol. IV

MAY 1920

No. 5

HIGH SCHOOL DAY

MAY fifteenth will bring to the campus, a number of high school boys,—boys of various interests and tastes. They will meet older boys of various interests and tastes. Each group will look the other over and make a decision.

Both groups have come together with a common purpose,—to see what the other is like. To please as far as possible will be the policy of the day.

The men of this campus will set forth all they have. Tufts defeated in football, Amherst defeated in basketball, good baseball material and the game of the day will be fully explained. The alumni field will be pointed out with a just pride, sifting cinders and pledging of hard cash as indications of college spirit will be rightly shown. The Memorial building, another mark of Aggie spirit and appreciation for service, will speak for itself. Its use will be explained. The Collegian, the Index and the Squib must be perused and the good points of them brought to the front. Later,

the charm of fraternity life will be reflected in the hospitality of each house. Not only student life will be explained but the advantages of the curriculum and the equipment will be given. Formidable and picturesque characters on the campus will be quoted. In fact, this college will be turned inside out for the inspection of anyone who will look at it. But much of what is poured in the ears of the high school boys will be forgotten.

On the other hand there will be one display more interesting to the high school students than any other. On that display will rest, in a large measure, their choice of a college. That display will be of the men here. The impression of sincerity and cordiality will last, whereas the scenes of the campus and baseball scores may be dim within a few weeks.

What should be the Aggie man's policy on this day? It is obvious. No matter what the main interest of a man may be, whether he be a grind or an athlete, a reporter or a social lion, he should expend his energy to set forth M. A. C. in its best and most characteristic colors and extend most heartily to the visitors the invitation "Come to Aggie."

WITH this issue of the Squib, the old board passes to the newly appointed board, that will handle the paper for next year, the full management of the paper. With it go responsibilities for the future success of the magazine.

The old board has tried to publish a humorous magazine which could be enjoyed equally by the strictest Puritans and the nosiest revelers, it has tried to print jests and sketches free from degrading suggestion. In the main it has succeeded. This precedent goes to the new board as a charge. This year's efforts have been experimental in the field of publication and in the field of people's interests. The new board will be better able to satisfy the humorous sense of its subscribers because of this experience.

The old board passes to the new board its dreams and ambitions and hopes the future will show Squibby as a still funnier fellow than he has been this year.

S

WOMAN !—

Little boy—Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?

Mother—Why, certainly dear.

L. B.—But mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers.

M.—No dear, men get in with a close shave.

S

THIS IS A GOOD ONE

"Did you catch any fish?"

"Did I, about a bushel."

"Bite easy?"

"Bite easy? Why I had to stand behind a tree to bate my hook."

THE SMOTHER TONGUE

Mr. Serex, a chem. professor,
Is a mighty nifty dresser,
And he likes to help the co-eds in the lab.
Tho his chemistry is corking,
He is rather poor at talking,
For his knowledge of the Mother Tongue is bad.

Very clever at titrations,
And his chem. hallucinations,
As a chemist he would surely win a prize.
We respect his higher knowledge,
Glad to have him here at college.—
But we wish he wouldn't call the class "youse
guys."

S

MAYNARD BEATEN BY AN EYELASH

—Boston Globe.

We wish father had used one.

S

THE SONG THE SINGLE SINNER SANG AT SING SING

(As metamorphosed by our staff correspondent)
Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, for a seven-
thirty class;
At four or five or six o'clock, with a physics quiz
to pass.
But when the profs are crabby, and there's finals
overhead,—
Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but,—
IT'S NICER TO LIE IN YOUR BED

INDOOR SPORTS

Watching Doc. Chamberlain play with his che-
mical billiards.

Trying to write that thesis with a penny poker
game at its height.

Standing in the doorway at the Informal listen-
ing to the music and commenting on the foot
movements of the dancers.

Listening to your roommate tell about that
clever jane he rushes around in the home town.

Serving punch at the Junior Prom while the
birds in the swallow-tails do their loving to music.

Making an airtight box with a lot of ventilation.

Keeping awake in class after walking from
Hamp the night before.

Calling up that girl at Mount Holyoke with the
"Vic" raging a wicked jazz.

S

He—A kiss is the language of lovers.

She—Then please say something.

—Voo Doo

S

Pat says they do not put corkscrews on jack-
knives anymore.

—Get him, he must have something to need a
corkscrew for.

S

We have all heard of shoulder shakers, salt
shakers, shimmie shakers and now they tell us
in agronomy that there are automatic shakers.



ONE THAT WILL WORK.

BANQUET RULES FOR 1921

Because of the well known murderous tendencies of the class of 1923 some modifications must be made in the banquet rules as laid down for 1921.

Section 2 shall be changed to read "A sealed list of the Freshman class officers, giving the names in full with the respective office each holds and an appropriate epitaph plainly written beside each name, shall be handed to the president of the senate on or before April 28."

The last two words in section 6 shall be changed from "that evening" to "that week" so that the banquet may take place any time within a week after the scrap. This is so that enough men may be recovered to enjoy it.

Mr. Kenney requests that in section 7, after the list of buildings that may not be used, it be added, "No buildings shall be demolished or removed from their foundations."

In section 8 the sentence, "Clubs and firearms shall not be used," shall be changed to read, "Clubs, firearms and knives with blades over one foot in length shall not be used." We are sorry to have to so deaden the sport but good men are so scarce that we cannot permit too many to be killed.

Section 10 shall be changed to read "Anyone infringing rule 4 or committing murder in cold blood, will be liable to college discipline."

S

NEW COURSE ADVOCATED

Fussing 52 to be Added to Curriculum

For the school year of 1920-21 the faculty has greatly revised and improved the course in "fussing 52", to which all classes are eligible. Because of the cramped conditions in Draper Hall, individual attention has in the past been difficult. In the new laboratory that will be completed next year, there will be room sufficient for each pupil to work without outside interference. There will be two lab. periods each week. The student will be graded upon his "rep" with the girls at the end of the term. All who successfully pass the course will receive certificates of recommendation to Smith College. An expression of sympathy will be sent by the college to the family of any man so unfortunate as to become engaged during the course.

Mr. X--Intercollegiate wrestler is wrestling instructor at Sargent School Summer Camp.

—News Item.

Some jobs call for labor
In varying quantities,
Others are a pleasure,
Hours of luxurious ease.
There's such a job as fussing—
No salary to be sure—
But teaching the ladies to wrestle,
Oh boy! What a job to procure.

No place for a woman hater,
No chance for a shunner of dames,
When you're giving the half-Nelson
And really playing the game.
It's a manly art, this wrestling,
Demands much vigor and dare,
Tight clinches, long endurance,
And a squeeze like a grizzly bear.

One needs physique and action,
A dead man won't do at all,
No half-hearted work is accepted,
One must have zeal, or else fall,
But after thinking it over,
All things considered, you know,
If the students would only do their part,
A man might make it a go.

—Gosh !!

S

Food expert—Yes, on a egg a man can travel a long way.

Any husband—Maybe so, but on the price of one you can travel a lot further.

S

"Please take your cheek from off my coat"
The earnest swain did say,
"Clothes are not quite so washable
As lips are, any day."

S

Mabel—We had a lobster at our house for dinner last night.

Grace—Why, I thought Harry left town.

S

He—I guess I'll go out for the mile, that's a 4-lap race.

She—Better try the dashes, you can't handle one lap yet.



AFTER PROM WE ALL FEEL THAT WAY

IN THIS CASE, TOO
 There was a young student at Aggie,
 Whose girl was a co-ed named Maggie,
 They went to the Prom,
 And danced until dawn,
 So that both at the knees became saggy.

S

Weary traveler:—Captain, may I work my passage on your canal boat?
 Captain of canal boat:—Yes, you can lead the mule.

S

Sal—See her carry on, will you, you think she did not know she was deaf.
 Hepatica—She probably hasn't heard about it yet.

A very large woman passed away and the sexton was hired to dig the grave. When the bill came to the bereaved husband, it was double the usual price.

The lawyer to whom the case was given interviewed the sexton concerning his exorbitant charges for grave digging.

The sexton replied, "When I dig a grave, I charge three dollars, but when I dig a cellar, I charge more."

S

Some of the fraternity league sluggers are trying to send a ball to Mars before Prof. Todd's balloon gets there.

THE SQUIB

ATTENTION

The Squib wishes to announce the opening of a STUPENDOUS BEAUTY CONTEST. This contest will be open to any college student of the fair sex. If you wish to enter, send a photograph of yourself, UNTOUCHED, to the Squib's BEAUTY CONTEST EDITOR, Box 999, South College. Don't hesitate to enter this contest. Somebody may think that you are beautiful. Who knows? So that no partiality will be shown, we request you not to affix your signature to the portrait. Numbers will be assigned so that the judges will have some means of positive identification. The judges will be announced later, but it is expected that Profs Payne and McNutt will officiate. Useful prizes will be presented to the successful contestant. Deuel's have already promised a vanity case, and the hardware store a complete set of paints. Don't fail to try for these valuable prizes. Entries will close positively as soon as we have recovered from the shock of receiving the first application.

Note—This is not an advertising scheme.

S

"STRIKERS IN CHICAGO DIVIDED"

—The Boston Transcript

We always favored vigorous action, but this suggests hanging and quartering of the dark ages.

SCENE:—THE BASEBALL DIAMOND

Coach—What was that noise?

Player—Jerry was just hit on the head with the ball.

Coach—Well, that's the first time I've heard of him using his head.

S

QUITE TRUE

"I had to laugh today—"

"Do you really mean that you had to."

"Yes, it was one of the Prof's jokes."

S

A headline of the Chicago Times on an article about the hanging of a man who claimed he was innocent.

Jerked to Jesus

S

OUR MODERN VOCABULARY

Mayme—Did ya tell the fat old guy to beat it?

Sayde—G'wan, d'ya think I'm glued to that old slang stuff? I told the poor Bol to deport himself.—Life.

We here illustrate the blank letter forms shortly to be put on sale at the college store.

P. O. Box.....M. A. C.
Amherst, Mass.,
.....1920

Dear Dad:

I wish you could be up here to enjoy our good times with us. Things sure are booming at Aggie and your little..... is doing his share. Why only the other day I was elected This is one of the biggest honors the college affords. At this rate I ought to be president of the senate before I graduate.

Of course they are rushing us pretty hard in our studies. You never saw a college where a fellow has to study any harder. The other night I didn't turn in until after..... However I am coming along finely and ought to get all good marks this term if the profs aren't too cranky.

About the only objection I have to this school is the expense and of course it is worth the price to attend M. A. C. A fellow who can get through here on twice what the catalogue estimates, is doing wonders. Of course I know you haven't much money to spare just now so I've been watching every penny like a miser. However I find I will need about \$. more now to pay back debts and the rest of my bare living expenses until. I could spend \$. more without being at all extravagant, the costs of everything are so high here.

With love to you and mother,

.....

COLLISION ON VERMONT ROAD

—Boston Herald

We are glad to learn the C. V. has more than one engine.

No longer shall we say, "I'm going home on the C. V. for their last two engines hit the iron graveyard. Of course this is a very sad affair, not the fact that many lives were lost, but the road will have to be closed until a crop of grass can be grown on the banks of the tracks to help in the replenishing of the treasury. Signs will be posted at varied distances along the track notifying bums, tramps and hobos of the fact, so that they will not be disappointed when the local does not "chug" up the track at the terrific speed of ten miles an hour. This catastrophe strikes the college hardest because many of our noted "bumper riders" will not be able to see the Dartmouth game. The officials of the road are thinking seriously of introducing motor busses with flanged wheels to run between the towns less than fifty miles apart. If this idea works the order for a new steam eater will be cancelled. It would be wholly fitting if the student body as a whole would send the manager who is now out of a job, a bunch of red darnations and a wreath of spiturias and salivas.

S

Precious bride—I was married last week, father. Irate parent—Don't let it happen again.

S

He—You can judge a watch by the company it keeps.

Coy miss—Yours must have nearly stopped, then.

S

ODE TO THE UMP AT THE GAME

The shades of night were falling fast

As glanced the ball the ump's dome past;

He scarce emitted a dull groan,

His tough old dome was made of bone.

—Jotaline.

S

Ruth—I was so excited my breath came in pants.

S

The Amherst Police Department have been very busy the last few weeks trying to solve the mystery—how did the prunes get stewed?

"SIMS BORNE OUT."

—The Boston Transcript.

Has he been fighting too?

S

"Doc, you must do something about this red nose of mine."

"It isn't serious. For ten years you haven't bothered."

"I know. But now my friends are worrying me to death. Think I have gat a secret stock."

—Life.

S

"Who was Nero, Bill?" asked one student of another. "Wasn't he the chap who was always cold?"

"No" said the wise student, "that was Zero, another guy altogether."

S

We don't need to found an overall club at this college, all we need do is reorganize it.

S

THE NEWS TRAVELS

A boy wouldn't open his mouth for the dentist to extract a tooth. The dentist told his mother to stick a pin into his leg. As was expected with this treatment, the boy opened his mouth and the dentist got the tooth. After it had come out, the boy with great wonder said:

"I did not know that it reached down that far."

S

The fleetfootedness of one of our graduates was shown recently when Dolly Dole ran down a fox.

S

If a stranger happened to hear Doc. Sims giving one of his lectures he would think he was running for President.

S

P. D. Q.—Why do you want to be freighted?

R. F. D.—Because I can express myself.



ADAMS DRUG STORE MIGHT TRY THIS TO GET TRADE

S

(Headline from the Daily Illini.)
TO DO BUSINESS, GO WHERE BUSINESS IS
—Moon.

We always thought that the moon was a dead world!

S

ROUND AND ROUND

“The worm has turned,” said one unsuccessful promoter.

“Yes, I just bit his tail but he ran around to the other side of the apple and I bit off his head.”

S

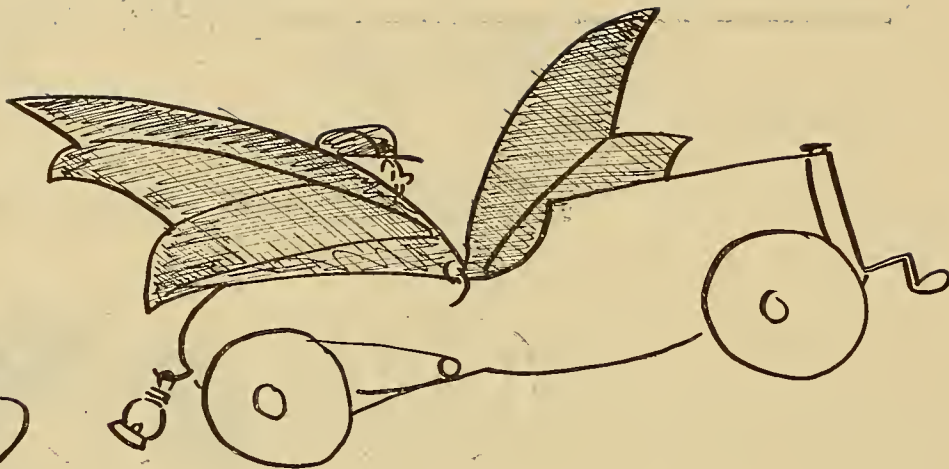
Sponsor—Do you ever get dry when you sail in these small boats way out in the ocean?

Old Salt—The only part of me that ever gets dry at sea is me throat, ma'm.

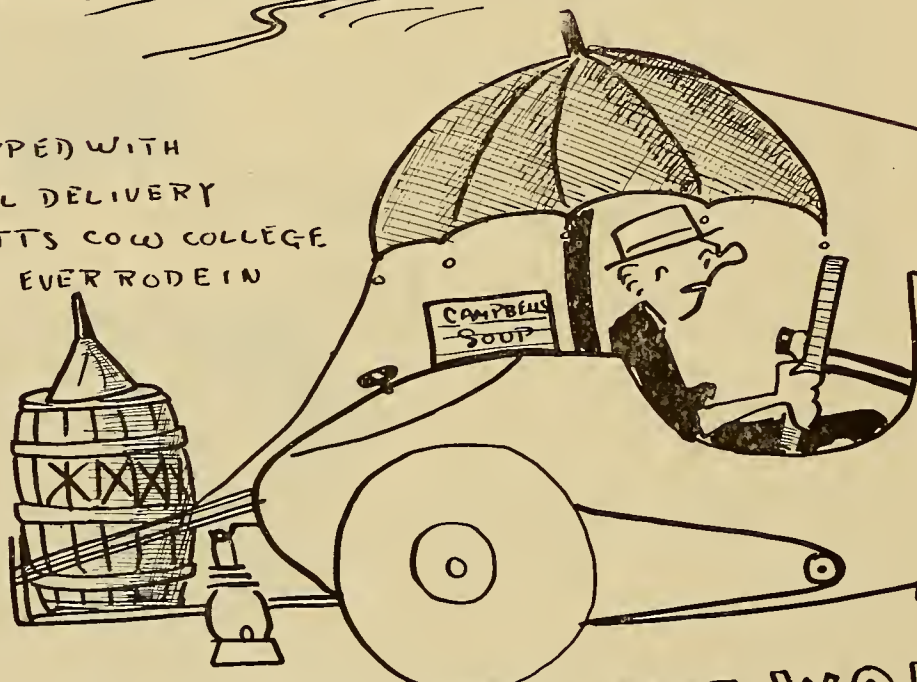
A POEM IN IAMBUS

This poem was selected as the winner of the English 27 contest, it reminded the judge so much of Scott.

Oh, it will take a lot of time
To write poems in iambic rhyme;
And twenty lines must finished be,
Before the chapel bell strikes three!
I'll write a poem about the spring,
And flowers, and birds, and everything;
And brooks, and bees, and butterflies—
But no. Full fifty other guys
Will do the same! I'll shoot a line
About my own sweet Madeline.
Oh! she's the only living girl
With wavy hair and teeth of pearl—
But I'll be kidded for a year,
If I write poems about my dear.
Well, I must give it up, I guess,
I ain't no poet, I must confess.
Oh Lord! It sure will be like heaven
If I pass English 27!



I USE YOUR CARS EQUIPPED WITH
WINGS TO DELIVER SPECIAL DELIVERY
LETTERS TO MASSACHUSETTS COW COLLEGE
IT'S THE FASTEST THING I EVER RODE IN
CREEPER



AROUND THE WORLD TIRE

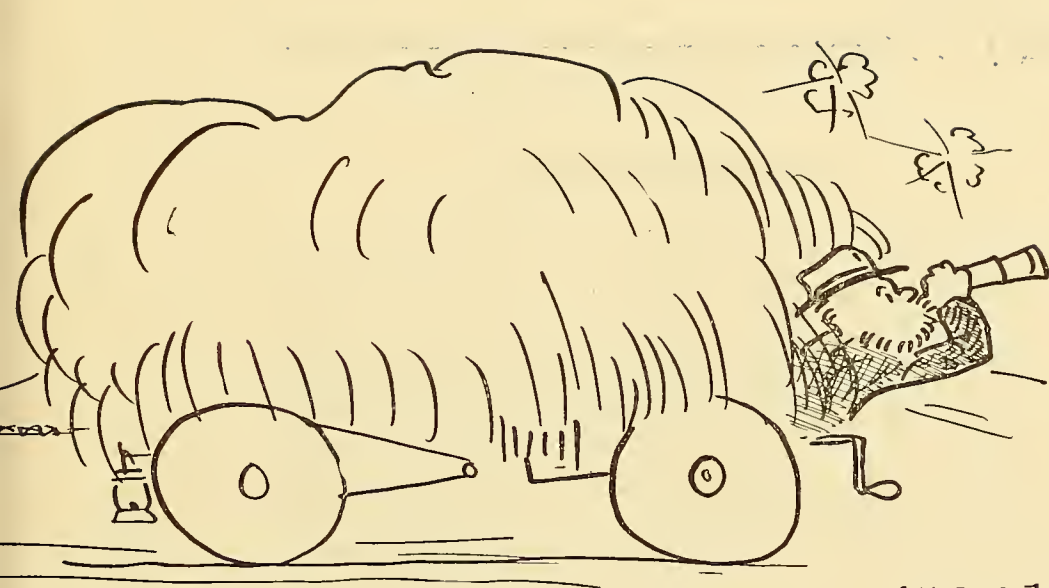
FULLY EQUIPPED WITH ROYAL CORD FLAT
KEROSENE NEW MODEL SELF STARTER, UN
SET OF WINGS THAT CAN BE ATTACHED BY A
ALSO A COMPLETE SET OF PERISCOPES AND UN
CROSSING STREAMS, OCEANS



I USED ONE OF YOUR CARS ON
MY FIRST TRIP TO AGGIE THE NIGHT
AFTER THE HARD SNOW SQUALL OF FEB 4,
WITH ALL THE ANIMALS SAFELY TUCKED IN
AROUND THE ACCELERATOR. YOU MAY USE ME
TO TALK ABOUT TILL DOC SPRAGUE GETS A
STOVE PIPE.

NOAH

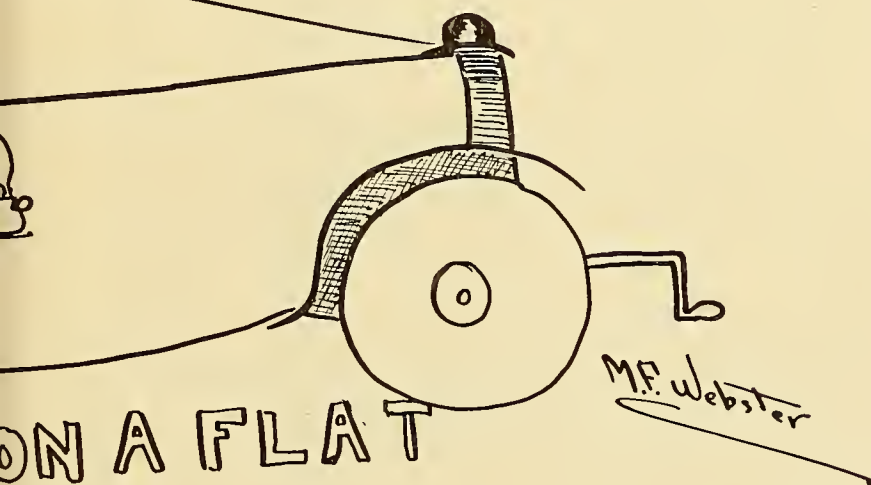
NOAH



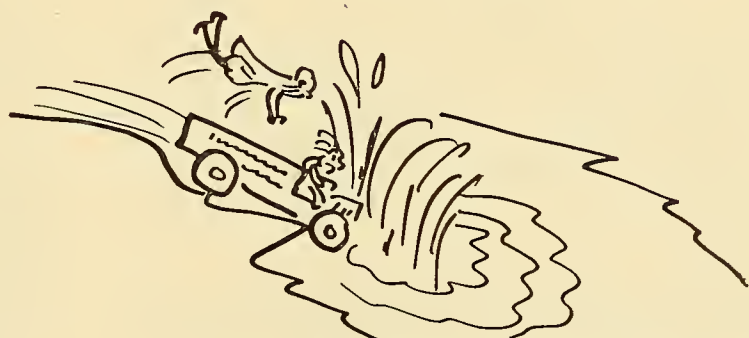
'AMERICA'S FIRST
CAR'

ONE OF YOUR CARS DID INVALUABLE
SERVICE AS A SCOUTING CAR, CAMOUFLAGED
UNDER A LOAD OF HAY AT THE BATTLE OF
THE WILDERNESS DURING THE CIVIL WAR
MY HORSE ATE THE HAY BUT HE COULDN'T
MAKE ANY IMPRESSION ON THE CAR, AND IT
IS STILL IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER

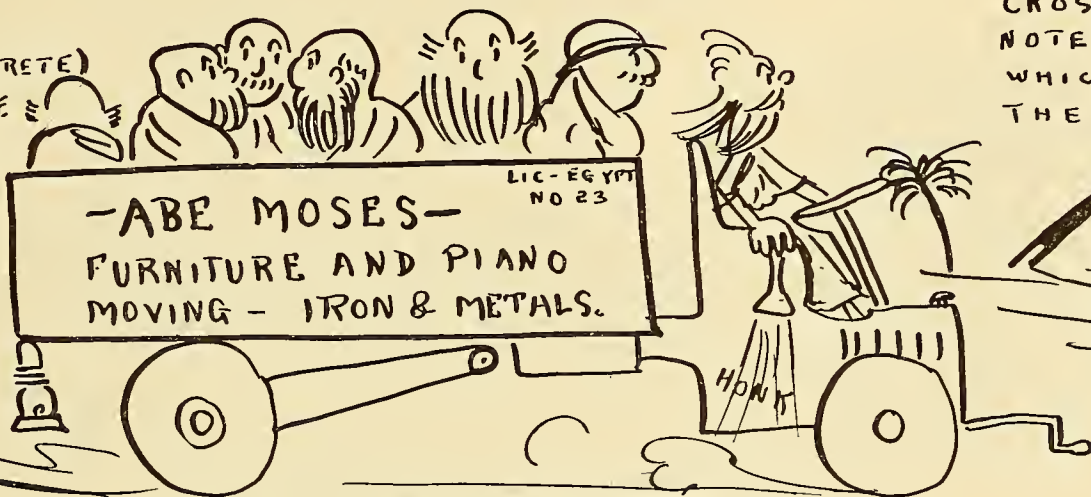
GEN. GRANT



ORD TIRE S, (CONCRETE)
R SEAT A COMPLETE
LD IN HALF A DAY.
ELLAS FOR USE IN
VS, SWAMPS ETC.



CROSSING THE RED SEA
NOTE THE EASE WITH
WHICH THE CAR HITS
THE WATER



I HAVE USED ONE OF YOUR CARS FOR
89½ YEARS, AND IT IS STILL AS GOOD AS
NEW. I USED IT IN CARRYING THE
ISRAELITES ACROSS THE DESERT BY
THE HUNDREDS IT IS USED EVERY DAY
TO CROSS THE RED SEA. VERY
EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE

MOSES



Says Bow-Legged Men Are Best Husbands--Bald Ones the Worst

—Boston Herald

"Hey! fellers, gather round, listen to this."

" 'Mrs. Schmidt of the Bronx says that bow-legged men make the best husbands, while the worst life-mate is the bald-headed male.' She knows, too, 'cause she says she has been married three times."

"I can't say as how I agree with her there about the baldies. D'yer mean to say I can't be a good husband?" declared Hairless.

"You make a good husband? What'r 'yer going to do, get married? Nobody could ever fall for you, Baldy. You need to grow bow-legged."

"Listen to what else she says about you, Baldy"

" 'In the first place, bald-headed men fly around with other men's wives, bust up happy homes (see what you're coming to) and leave a string of broken hearts in their wake.' Oh, you scoundrel, Baldy. Have you crossed the river this week?"

"Read some more of that article, Smitty. You haven't struck anything about the bow-legged variety. What does she say about 'em?"

" 'Ah, the bow-legged men. They make the finest husbands in all the universe. They are the best and most loving life-mates. (Oh boy—Ah-h-h) My third has bow-legs. (What's the radius?) He is an angel, a perfect saint, but by no means a perfect 36. (That must be why the cream of the co-eds fell for you, there, Ichabod.) Girls, take my advice and only say 'yes' to the eternal question when the suitor for your hand in marriage has legs that would not stop a pig in an alley!' (She don't know the farmer's ability to manage pigs.)

"Gosh, ain't women strange 'creatures!' "

S

Prof: "What is your solution to the World Problem?"

Pat: "A world Democracy, with an Irishman for President, sor."

S

"Well, Cy, I understand that you are going to take summer boarders this year."

"Yas, we didn't have ter, but my wife loves ter hear thet there city dialect".

CROSSED WIRES

Two poker fans talking over the party of the night before, at which one was not present.

"Yeah, Joe must have taken a little too much cider. When old man Collins bet his pile on three tens and lost it, Joe stuck his face up close to the old man's nose and said several uncomplimentary things about the old man's game of marbles, tiddlywinks, etc. You know how mild and gentle the old man is. He wouldn't swat a mosquito."

"Must have been hard on the old man. That mug of Joe's would make a lamp post turn pale. Too bad somebody can't change it. What did Collins do?"

Central gets the wires crossed and cuts in a baseball fan getting enthusiastic over the winning hit of the day before. Joe Spitzlinger had pitched against the home team.

"Banged it on the beezzer for one swell drive. Y'oughter seen that wallop. Leaned right on it. The old boy is right there with the berries when it comes to hitting. A whale of a hit! Knocked the skin clean off it. Evened things up in great style. Believe me, we whooped the boy home. Then we sailed right in with a few more wallops and knocked this terror Joe clean out. Sent him higher 'n a kite! Buried him under an avalanche! Punch? We had a corner on it. You missed the scrap of your life.

"Ye gods: Poor old Joe—poor old Joe."

S

The young minister who had just preached a trial sermon before the deacons of the Presbyterian Church asked his uncle, one of the listeners, what he thought of the address.

"Weel," said the Scot "In the foist place it wuz read too fast—in the second place it wuz not read loud enough—and in the third place, it wuz not worth the reading."

S

MACHINERY DISPLACES MEN--SOMETIMES



"I see that a fellow out in Missouri has invented an attachment to keep girls from falling out of hammocks."

"Well, no good looking girl will ever need to use one when I'm around. "

SINGING A CHAPEL HYMN

A Tragedy in Three Spasms

Time—Any chapel time.

Cast of Characters—Those Aggie students who resist the temptation of a morning in bed.

The Dean or President.

Henry Young and minor characters.

Spasm I

A bell rings in the near distance. Henry glances at his Ingersol. It says 7.41. A piercing yell issues from between the folds of his handsome mustache, and immediately a mob of stragglers pour forth from the hash-house, and enter the Auditorium, just as the officer in command is announcing, "We will sing the first and fourth stanzas of hymn 777. Thereupon a hideous scraping noise sends shivers up one's pinal column. The hymn-books are being extracted from their resting place. The organ begins to throb, fiercely, and with a shuffling of feet, a hundred odd voices are lifted in harmony (?). The volume is marvelous. The quality cannot be described in words.

Spasm II

The first stanza ends. There is a short spell of labored breathing. The next one begins with much less enthusiasm. A curious jumbling of words is noticeable. Half of the congregation is singing stanza two instead of four. Complications ensue. The supporters of the second realize their error and call a halt. Decrease the volume by one-half. The organ is ahead of the game. The singing is dying, dying, dying.

Spasm III. (Sooner or later)

A terrible crash is heard a little before the singing ceases. Henry pokes his head in the door. He demands the cause from a sleepy freshman in the rear, who answers "'Snothing. Henry, one of the co-eds dropped a hair-pin."

S

BIG LEAGUE STUFF

She—"I don't know a thing about baseball."

He—"Oh, let me tell you about it."

Deep voice from top of stairs—"Well, give us an example of a home run."

S

MUST HAVE BEEN A SENIOR WITH A JOB

Father, (visiting college)—"Son, these are better cigars than I can afford."

Son—"That's all right, dad, take all you want, this is on me."

SCIENTIFICALLY CLASSIFIED DANCE ORDERS

Due to the difficulties of telling who owns which of Prom and Informal dance orders, Squibby decided that the problem is of sufficient import to merit the services of the man who classified all complexions in just two groups—natural and artificial. In other words, Professor I. M. Scientific has suggested that a scientific classification is the "only reliable."

Squibby submits to his readers the following suggestion for distinguishment:



S

Would-be philosopher—What men like best in women is their sympathy. They like to have some one who will listen to them.

Sweet thing—And what do the women think about in the meantime?

S

The word sophomore and moron have the same derivatives.

Quite apparent.

S

Enthusiastic pupil—She can tell the difference between eighty-two different odors.

Gas house plumber—Gawd! What a life she must lead.

S

LATEST STATIONERY

"Have you any vanilla folders?"

THE INSECT BUZZER

Vol. 3

Published exclusively for all
LOWER PHYLA
Subscription price:—3 reeds per instar.

No. 1

DOCTOR FELIS DOMESTICA MAKES WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

Years of Labor on One of Human Species at Last Rewarded

Doctor Felis Domestica, who has spent six of his nine lives in a synthetic study of that strange animal, Gordonia Bennedida, has at last been rewarded. Last Tuesday afternoon, after carefully peeling off six layers of tough tissues (epidermis exteriorosis) from the animal's head, the doctor discovered a microscopic cavity, which at first glance seemed vacant, but which the ultra microscope revealed to be covered with shallow scratches.

Doctor Domestica believes these scratches to be the last traces of the animal's brain. He concludes that back in the Pliocene age the Gordonia Bennedidia had but one layer of epidermis exteriorosis, and that certain simple thoughts could pierce the animal's head. The brain was then present and became so sharp that scratches were formed. As the centuries rolled on, the brain grew so keen that it worked out through the epidermis exteriorosis and was lost for ever, leaving only the scratches.

The Mamalian world will certainly be grateful to the learned doctor for his revolutionary revelation, because it represents the first sign of brains that has ever been observed in an animal of the species.

INTERPHYLA NOTES

Professor G. Olds Fish has just recently returned to the home pool after a trip around the globe.

Mr. B. Frog has just composed a new opera entitled "We'll All Croak When Spring Comes."

A "coming out party" was given Miss Julia Crayfish at her home in Salt Creek last week. She looked very young and tender after her first molt.

LIFE IN A CELL

(Composed by "Red" Squirrel

They say up in zoology,
(And I hardly believe it yet,
Though when Doc Gordon says it
It may be a safe bet;)

That among the many phyla

In this terrestrial zoo,

There are some little fellers

Who are not quite like you.

De Leon should have known them

When they so old do grow

By plans of their own pattern

Back to youth they go

At first, I envied them very much

Lucky protozoa!

Living on, age after age,

Youth's Springtime never o'er

But then, I thought it out again,

And smiled—It must be hell

To have to live forever

In a scrimy little cell!

ADVERTISEMENTS

Moving Pictures
DRIVEUM BUG HOUSE

Miss Lily Leech
in
"LOVE THAT CLINGS"

A picture that sticks"

Willie Bedbug
in

"TWIN BEDS"

"A Comedy that Tickles"

INSECTA OVERCOME

MAMMALIA

In Thrilling Field Meet Jim Flea's Warriors Conquer the Furry Clan. Aerial Features

The Ent. A. C. decisively defeated the Zoo A. C. 77 to 25, on Euplexoptera Field yesterday afternoon before a large crowd.

Competition between the rivals was exceptionally keen. The royal rooters took up the fray and riots were so serious that reserves had to be called out. Gyp Dog of 18 Kennel Street has today filed a complaint and instituted a suit against Twig Flea for assault and battery.

In addition to the participants so ably photographed by our representative, Dick Fire-Fly, the following distinguished themselves:

High jump—K. Angaroo defeated G. Hopper.

Broad jump—Abe Locust defeated A. Field Mouse.

Javelin throw—Pete Porcupine defeated B. Bee.

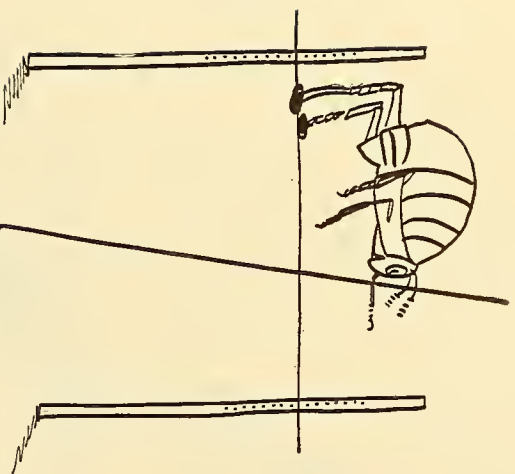
"Speed" Snail was kept from entering the meet by shin sores.

After hibernations and moltings are over, another meet will be held, and the entire Mamallian family are sworn to have revenge.

FOR SALE—23 Gallons of fresh honey dew. Inquire of The Aphid Brothers.

LOST—From my home in 216 Potato Vine Row, my beautiful 4,867,923,206th child. May be recognized by blue scar, made by a drop of Dr. Fernald's Kills-By-Touch insecticide.—Annie Aphid.

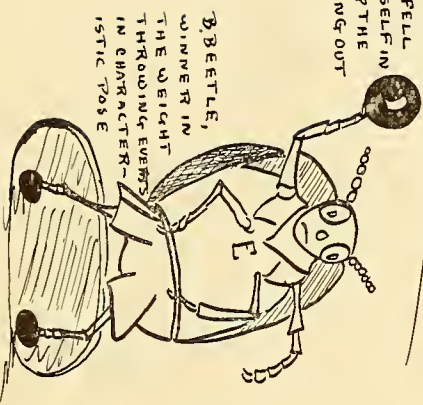
WANTED—A little wife. Most any queen will do. See Bill Ant.



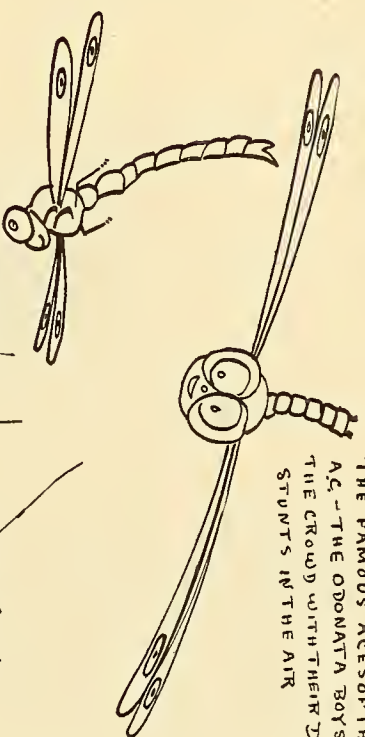
TIM FLEA WINNING THE POLE VAULT
AND SETTING A NEW RECORD



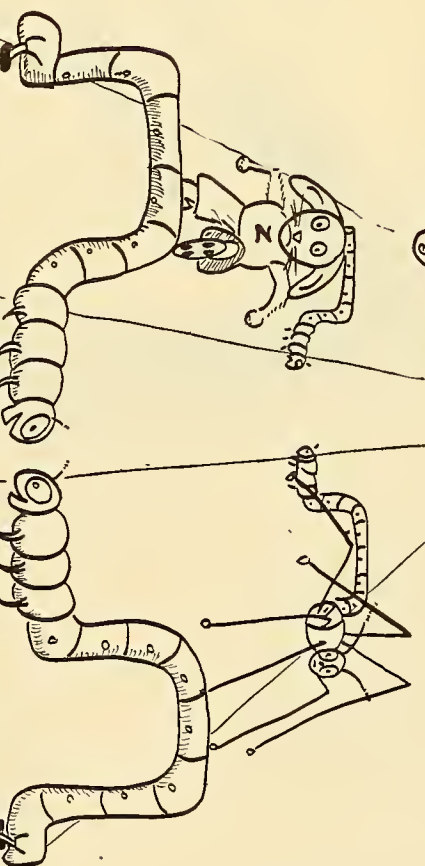
PORCUPINE FELL
AND SPIKED HIMSELF IN
THE LAST LAP OF THE
MILE RACE - LOSING OUT
TO WINNER



B. BEETLE,
WINNER IN
THE WEIGHT
THROWING EVENTS
IN CHARACTER-
ISTIC POSE



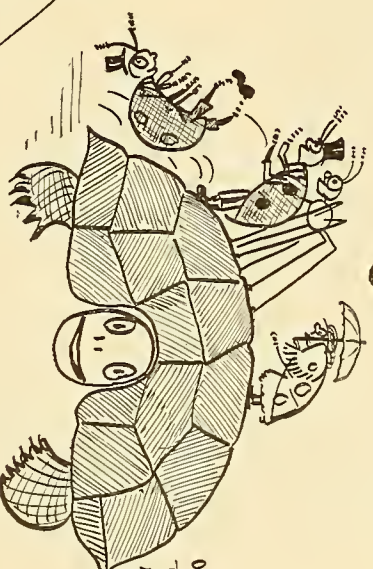
THE FAMOUS ACES OF THE ENT.
A.C. - THE ODONATA BOYS, THRILLING
THE CROWD WITH THEIR DARING
STUNTS IN THE AIR



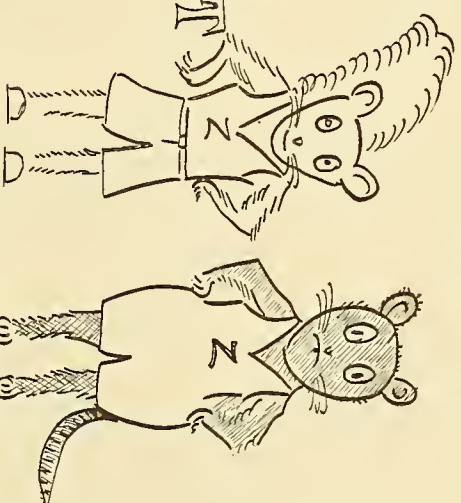
R. RABBIT OF THE ZOO A.C., ON THE LEFT, AND D.L. LEGS OF THE
ENT. A.C. IN CLOSE FINISH IN THE 100 YD HIGH HURDLES - LEGS WON.



YOUNG CURCULIO OF THE
ENT. A.C. WON BY A NOSE IN
THE 100 YD DASH. NOSE OF
THE ZOO A.C. 2nd.



OLD MAN
TURTLE MADE
A PRETTY PAIR
GRAND STAND



LEFT - B. SQUIRREL, WINNER OF THE
CROSS COUNTRY. RIGHT - 3rd MUSKRAT
WINNER OF THE SWIMMING EVENTS.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES! OF YESTERDAY'S DUAL MEET ENT. A.C. WIN'S FROM ZOO. A.C.

M. Webster



BASEBALL HOPES

Budding chemist, Joe Gonzales,
Doing sulphur on a 'rush';
Sees Miss Higgins in the office
Joe proceeds to get a 'crush'.

Walking out at noon to dinner,
Joseph slowly lags behind;
Hoping gentle consolation
In Miss Higgins' smile to find.

But she scorns him, Oo, an iceberg!
Joseph's collar starts to wilt;
For she's torn the whole foundation
From the castle he has built.

To the rescue comes chief chemist
Francis Carmody. He sees
Joe's condition,—introduces
Her to him with wobbly knees.

Joseph's heart is thumping gladly
Now he has the fair one won;
When she steps into the office
In comes Joe upon the run.

Smiles at her, and faintly blushes
Stammers "Ain't the weather warm,"
While the look within her optics
Seems to prophesy a storm.

Budding chemist, Joe Gonzales,
Walks around as in a dream
He's a bear among the ladies
Someone hit him on the bean.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Weary corporal—Squad's half right, sir.

S

His mother returned home and perceived the
youngster throwing eggs against the wall. He
had already thrown a dozen.

"What are you doing, Richard?"

"Pa said there was money in eggs but I haven't
found any yet."

S

Too many hold the view that if they learn how
they will have it to do.—Kansas City Star.

S

"What are you sowing, Mr. Meadows?"

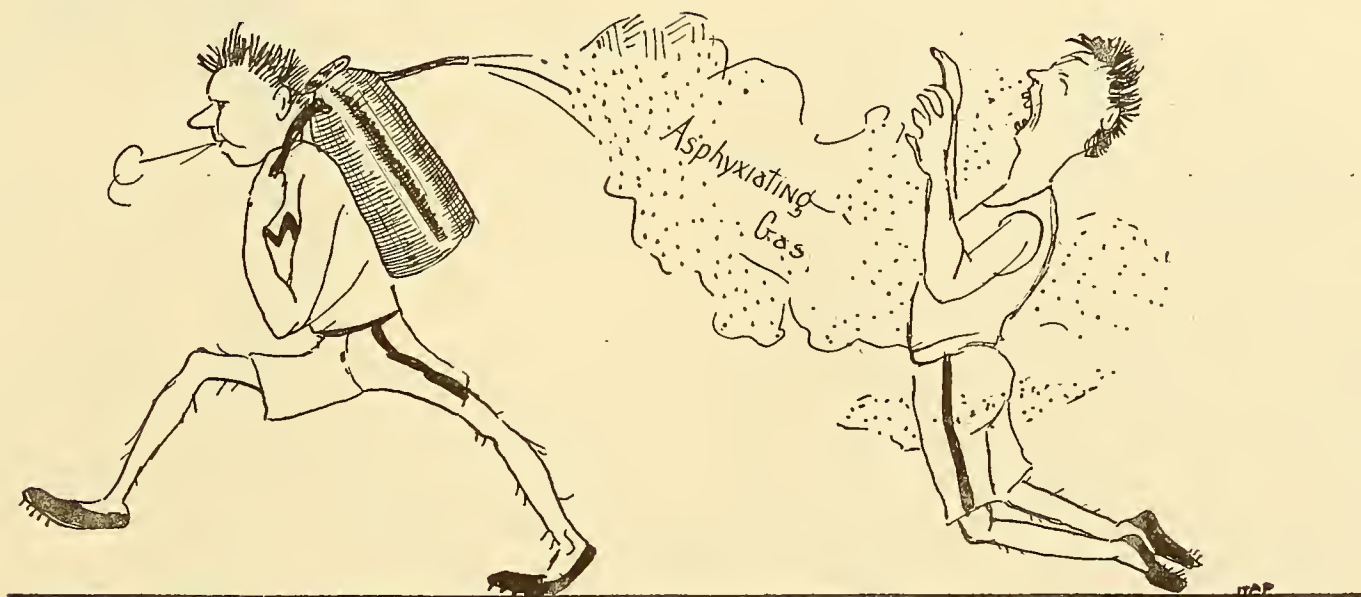
"Wheat, ma'm."

"Dear me! And wheat so scarce! Don't you
think it would be more economical to sow bran?"
—Life.

S

Lodging House Porter—If he kicked you, why
didn't you kick him back?

Six-penny Bed—Wot, then it would 'ave been
his turn again.—Blighty.



ONE WAY TO KEEP AHEAD

Mrs. Cabbage—There must have been some awful accident in that field last night.

Mrs. Carrots—I don't understand, my dear.

Mrs. Cabbage—I don't very well either, but this morning the corn looked awfully shocked.

S

"I see Carpentier brought twenty-five trunks over with him."

"He must intend to use a different pair each round."—Life.

S

"Europe may be suing the United States for non-support."—Editorial Comment.

Not if prohibition keeps up.

S

AT A FRATERNITY DANCE

Young lady (pointing to a picture of Sir Galahad)—Who is that in that picture?

New pledge—Oh, that's one of the older fellows. I don't know his name.—Awgwan.

S

Bone—Two heads are better than one.

Dry—Yes, for a barrel.

S

Prof—You may now tell us about the ancient knighthood.

Student—They were generally made of flannel and were worn by old people and—

Prof—That will do.

THE SECRET

Oh, Kelly was a sailor,
He was a jolly tar.
He used to pilot schooners
Across the corner bar.
He made a little money
In the liquor-selling game,
But never knew prosperity
Till prohibition came.

He closed his corner bar-room
When Congress told him to,
Installed some sparkling mirrors
And a soda-fountain new.
His previous experience
Had taught him how to make,
For inquisitive policeman,
A stimulating shake.

His aristocratic patrons
Have come from near and far.
He looks like J. P. Morgan
In his rakish motor car,
How did he make the money?
You doubtless wonder too.
Just let him mix a soda
When you're feeling dry and blue.

?

Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bed,
If I should die before I wake
How will I know I'm dead?

S

Rag—Always look a gift horse in the face.
Picker—Why?
Rag—Because he has a sad tale behind.

THE SQUIB

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

Once in a while we meet a pessimist, a real pessimist who is remarkably susceptible to the slightest off flavor, discoloration, deviation from the rule, and so forth. Such a man would remark on seeing an angel, "I have observed that the eagle can soar ten minutes without moving his wings, yet this one must flap his wings at least every nine and a half minutes." The only home for such is six feet under the sod and a heavy headstone.

Yet compared to another nuisance, the pessimist is as welcome as the flowers in May. This other obnoxious insect is he who finds selfishness and graft in every generous, altruistic movement, he who construes a man's innocent remark to some entirely false evil meaning, he who searches a humorous paper for some joke in which his degenerate mind can find some rot not discovered by the average man, he who speaks of a woman with a sneer and a slander, he who seeks evil, hears evil, and speaks evil. For such a man there is no punishment meted out by civilized nations that fits his crime. Suspicion is easy to instill in the average mind. Bad news travels faster than good. This loathsome species, instead of turning his powers to some good use, deliberately dips into the mire of life and seeks to spatter with it all that is clean.

He who would seek evil will always find it. At the bottom of every clear mountain brook there are corners of muck. If any man wishes to go after it he can find it. Nothing is perfect. But why discard the clean sparkling water and claim the brook is but the muck?

S

THE COLLEGE GIRL

She wants to get married just to prove that she can.

She doesn't want to get married just to prove that she doesn't have to.

If she doesn't they'll say she can't

If she does they'll say her career is ruined.

S

HEARD ONCE

"Mr. Creeper, have you any male for me?"

HE MADE HIS MARK

"Where is John Sherman, who studied chemistry with you last year, Professor?"

"Why—yes—John. He was a very good student, but a bit careless. Do you see that spot up there on the ceiling?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's John."

S

NO DUPLICATION OF EFFORT

"Doesn't Jim ever worry about his bills?"

"No. He says there is no use in himself and the tailor worrying over the same bills."

S

"Ornamentation is the cheapest form of art," said the professor with the flower in his button hole."

S

AH-THERE!

"Where is Colon Street, father?"

"Probably in the bowels of the city."

S

Rogue—Are you going to church tonight?

Rass—No, I worship elsewhere.

R 1—Where?

R 2—Hamp.

S

Oswald—I don't get the point of that joke. Maybe I'm thick.

She, shocked—Maybe?

S

Hushed voice—Did you know that there was an underground passage from Draper to Flint Lab?

Worldly Ike—Steam pipe?

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Students appreciate the help of our accurately-fitted, properly-designed glasses.

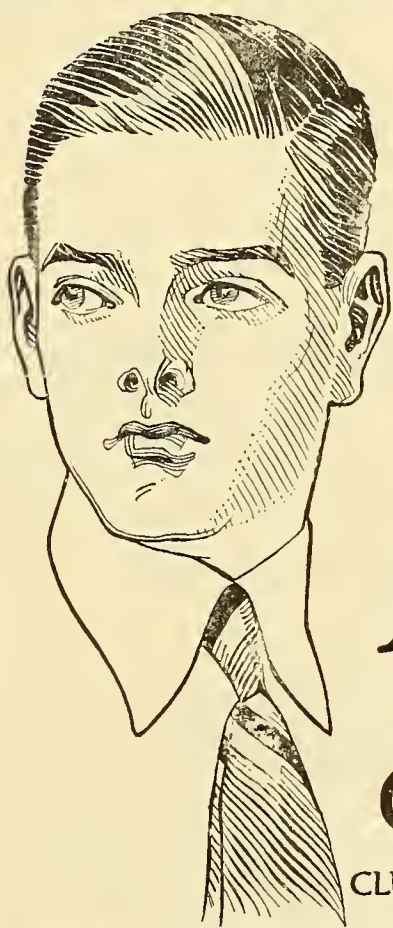
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HARD WORDS

Two simple words of English
Speech,

I stammer—mumble, till I'm
quite

Exasperated—stumble over each;

I scarcely can pronounce—
"Good night!"

Some men, perhaps, say it with
ease,

But when arms, rounded, soft,
and white,

Draw you quite close—say what
you please,

It's mighty hard to say—
"Good night!"

For when the pretty lips have
clung

And you have held her rather
tight—

There's something gripping at the
tongue,

Which makes it hard to say
"Good night!"

I scarcely can pronounce—"Good night!"
They're simple words—a chap can see
The strain in saying should be light;
But queer as it may seem to be
The hardest that I know—"Good night!"

—Yale Record

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ALMOST

He—"There stands the parson's house."

She—"Yes, yes, go on."

He (with trembling hand pointed)—"And there is where it used to stand." —Voo Doo

◆ ◆ ◆

Widower—"And do you think that silk stockings are absolutely essential in the wardrobe of a young woman?"

Governess—"Most decidedly. That is up to a certain point!" —Judge

◆ ◆ ◆

A spiritualist is like a safe-breaker in prison. He knows the combination to Heaven but can't get there himself. —Lampoon

◆ ◆ ◆

Son—"Well, father, how are you?"

Father—"As fine as silk, son."

Son—"Then you'll be soft to touch."

—The Purple Cow

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HOLYOKE,

MASSACHUSETTS.

A FEW OF 'EM

There's the girl who is sweet,

And the girl who's discreet,

And the girl who is studious-wise;

There's the girl who's staid

And the girl who's afraid

And the girl with the won't-you-please eyes.

There's the girl who can paint,

And the girl who will faint,

Should the opportune moment arise;

There's the girl who's a breeze,

But beside all of these

There's the girl who—well, doggonit, you know

but you can't describe 'er. —Voo Doo

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Dolly—That artist told me that my face was
classic. What is a classic?

Maybelle—Oh, anything old.—Sun Dial.

◆ ◆ ◆

Stage Manager—All ready, run up the curtain.

Stage Hand—Say, what do you think I am, a
squirrel? —Froth.

◆ ◆ ◆

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE DAVENPORT

◆ ◆ ◆

◆ ◆ ◆

JOHN F. PLANTE
OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

54 SUFFOLK ST. HOLYOKE

◆ ◆ ◆

ALAS! ALACK!

It used to be "how much have you?"
That made the girlyies fall;
But now most any sap will do—
If he has booze—that's all!

—Yale Record

◆ ◆ ◆

Porter—This train goes to Syracuse and points
West.

Old Lady—Well, I want a train that gets to
Buffalo, and I don't care which way it points.

—Tiger

◆ ◆ ◆

"You are concealing something from me!"
hissed the villain.

"Certainly, I am," replied the leading lady. "I
ain't no Salome!"

—Jack O'Lantern

◆ ◆ ◆

Kindly Man to Prisoner—You seem to be in a
tight place, my poor man.

Convict—Well, it ain't exactly roomy for a guy
with loose habits like mine. —Gargoyle

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June 1920

THE ACCIE

SQUIB



M. F. Webster

"HOPPING OFF" NUMBER

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Richardson, '23
Lockhart, '22
Haslam, '21
Palmer, '21

"What do you think of that basketball player?"

"I think he's a little forward."

Bill—"Just happened to run into an old friend down town."

Phil—"Was he glad to see you?"

Bill—"You bet not. I smashed his whole right fender."

—Widow

He—"There'll be a new moon tonight, dear."

She—"I'm glad. I was getting tired of the old one."

—Siren

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ROUGH AND READY

The Lover—"Her lips are like an uncut ruby."
The Knocker—"What do you mean—rough or red?"

—Sun Dial

GOOD ADVICE

Old—"I'm writing to my best girl—what is a clever P. S. to add?"

Older—"Please burn this at once."

—Panther

Lecturer—"What, gentlemen, is the greatest problem today before the undergraduate body, individually and as a whole?"

Voice in the dark—"Where to get the liquor."

—Record

Attorney—"You willingly took the marriage vow and three weeks later you seek a divorce."

Young Husband—"Ah, sir. but I had my fingers crossed."

—Froth

THE SNAKE!

There is a young chappie named Caesar,
Who loves any girl when he caesar;

He's always alert;

When he spots a new skirt,
His entire intent is to caesar!

—Princeton Tiger

JOHN F. PLANTE

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

54 SUFFOLK ST. HOLYOKE

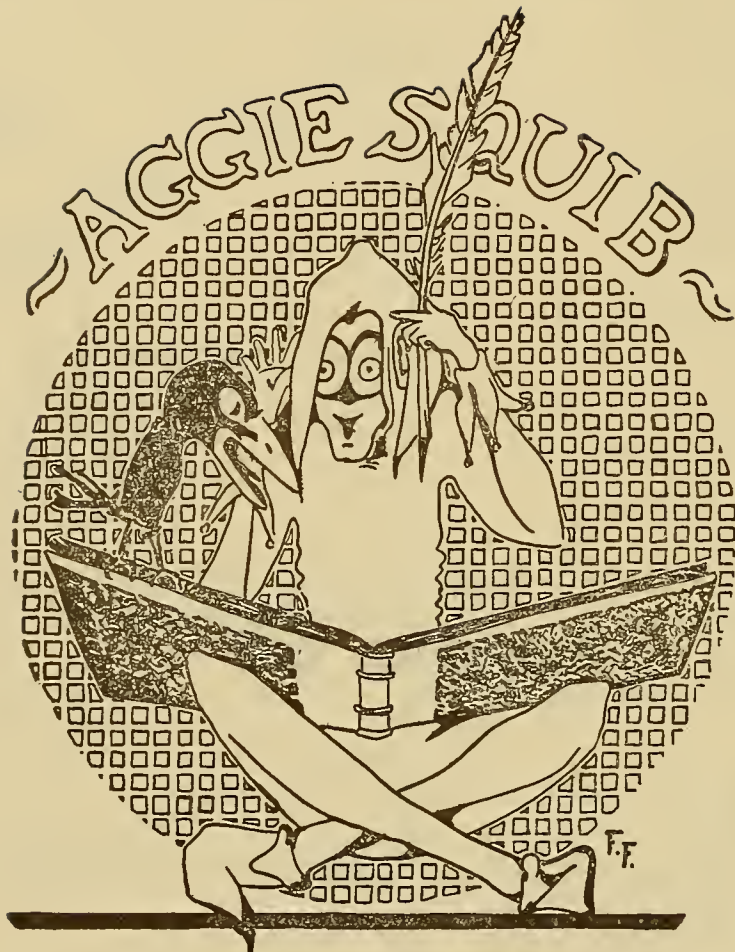
Hopping Off

'TIS strange—no matter if our work
Is hard and we rebel,
Protest, trying ever to shirk,
We're sorry when its tiring spell
Is lifted—and gone!

Then truer—how sweet the carefree years
Of comradeship and play—
A little work, few doubts, no fears;
But oh, the heartache, oh the gray,
When they are gone!

Yet still—the Youth in Pleasure's swirl,
In soft and rosy light,
Guides through the flowers a radiant girl
Mid fairy music, 'till the night
Is spent and gone.

But then, he little feels or knows
How dear these hours will seem,
Their toil, their joy—a withered rose,
For oh, we're sorry when we dream
Of days far gone!



QUID AGIS AGE, AGGIE.

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B. F. Jackson, '22.

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Vol. IV

JUNE 1920

No. 6

HOPPING OFF

STRANGE as it may seem, this issue has nothing to do with any aerial stunts. Dean Burns says, "great events happen in the world today," and he is right. Events suggested Squibby's "high flown" title. We might have called it the "Here's How" number or "Happy Days" number, or even the "Popping Out" number, but mercifully refrained from so doing. Why bring up unpleasant subjects, even in a humorous paper.

One of the principal events in the way of hopping off will take place the evening of June

twenty-first when a number of our undergraduate, and recently graduated student body will gather to bask in the atmosphere of jazz and electricity. From previous observation we should imagine that the hum of the motor, the sound of light feminine voices, and the "tinkling cymbal and sounding brass" will be abroad in the land. We hope too, that those who for weeks have guarded jealously the sizeable blocks of blank space on their programs will receive the just reward of their labors. Lights, shadows, music, and—the girl. Yes sir, that will be the end of a perfect day. Squibby takes this opportunity to welcome the hop guests, and extends to them sincerest wishes for a pleasant visit.

THE SQUIB

Of course, the Seniors. We were coming to them. Squibby, being built as he is, had to put frivolity first. Their hop off is bound to be a more serious one. All they have been hearing for four years about the "cold, cold world" is now about to become a reality, but, it is safe to say, they will start out with high hopes and confidence in their ability to warm it up a little. Be that as it may, when the Class of Nineteen Twenty take their sheepskins in one hand and their canes in the other, and hop off, they can depend on it that Squibby is watching their going with a little sadness, and a big smile. Good Luck and a safe voyage to the Class of Nineteen Twenty.

To continue in the same vein, Squibby, along with a good many summer hotels and other amusement parks is hanging out the old sign, "Under New Management". In short, the new board takes charge with this issue. There's method in our madness in taking over the paper just at this time, for we intended to take a good three months leave of absence to recuperate and let things cool down a bit before coming back again to the scene of crime—provided we can get a head start toward the B. & M. If we get away this time, we will be back again in the fall with plenty of pep, ready to try once more. We're off!

The Aggie Squib wishes to express its appreciation to the old Board members for their co-operation in getting out this number of the paper. We are especially indebted to the following men for their contributions and assistance:

John A. Crawford, '20.

(Formerly Editor-in-Chief.)

C. A. Doucette, '20.

C. E. Write, '2p.

H. E. Wentsch, 'p2.

T. T. Abele, '23.

C. A. Towne, '23.

E. W. Chapin '22.

TRAGIC!

"A FATHER oyster and his son were swimming in the stew,

The father to the son did say "This is the tenth that we've been thru"

Just then a man sat down to eat, so the father with a frown,

Behind an oyster cracker ducked—

—Just as the son (sun) went down.

S

STEP LIVELY PLEASE!

DICK: "She's one of those girls who turns the other cheek when you kiss the one."

Chick: "Which one do you begin with?"

Dick: "Well, between the two one hesitates a long time."—Ex.

S

CARELESS OF HIM

WALTER: "Mr. Smith has left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose."

Robert: "I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."



HOW TO CRAM FOR FORESTRY FINALS

S

SENIOR HOP-OFF

AT LAST the serious seniors have reached the end of four short years. Squibby understands that advice is always accepted altho not always practiced. Absorb this:

Hold on to your cane and father because support is often needed. Keep in touch with all the Profs. you dislike. Who knows you might be a broker on Wall Street and have some worthless stock to sell. Stand up for Aggie—don't let any one say, "oh, you are a graduate of Amherst,"—jump on it. Vote against Demon Rum, and don't salute the town officials by mistake. A farmer needs a wife so grab a good one while they are cheap.—Amen.

S

HASH HOUSE

Once I knew a man at Aggie who was fierce, very fierce,
And his hair was long and shaggy so they say;
And he growled all the day time,
And he cursed all the night time,
At the utterly inedible, simply incredible
Chow that they served at Draper Hall.

Once I saw him at the table looking fierce, very fierce,
And he called the waiter to him, "Here, Alphonse."
And I looked at him in earnest
And I listened all intently,
But I simply heard him whisper, with a little of a lisp, "Er,—
Bring a second of the main, sir, if you please."

The waiter was rushed.

"What is it, tea or coffee?" he demanded.

The senior looked up blandly from his bowl of soup.

"Don't tell me," he whispered, "bring it in and let me guess."

S

A BOY in college found that his monthly allowance had been consumed by bills of the previous month. Wishing to make a gentle "touch" he wrote home as follows:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Please send fifty,
I love you.

Jack.

A few days later he received the following reply:

Roses are red,
Some are pink,
Send you fifty?
I don't think.

Father.

S

A Soph-Senior hopper did not stick to pop,....er
He thought to get real stuff, instead.

What he thought to be ethyl turned ou to be methyl

And left our fine hopper in bed.

S

A hustling promoter named Coe
Was head of a big cocoa Co.

A native named Koko
Said, "Pay what you owe Coe,
Or give me the Coe Coacoa Co."

He had other projects, had Coe—
Coke ovens were one line, and so
The two coalesced,
Imagine the rest;

"Coe-Koko Coke and Cocoa Co!"

—Life.

S

LANDED YET?

He—Where is that young man you used to sit in the hammock with last summer?

She—We fell out.

S

Agronomy student leaning on his soil auger—
Oh, well, I've always heard that this course was a d—d bore!

THE SQUIB

MUSINGS OF A SENIOR

(With Appologies to Wordsworth)

The profs were too much with me; late and soon,
Foolishly spending, I lay waste my time;
Little I saw in classes that was mine;
I used up all my cuts, a sordid boon!
The Chem. Lab., (ninety-nine years old this June)
The "Trio" which kept me up till morning hours;
I fooled 'em—NOT! Great God! I'd like to see
The legislature get a wiggle on!
So might I, standing on Mt. Pleasant, see
Some buildings that would make me less forlorn,
See a new Chem. Lab. going up, By Gee!
And see some Freshmen cleaning out the pond!

S

Frosh—"I was born in May."

Soph—"When it rains it pours."

S

HIS ARMY SHOES WERE WORN OUT

Slim: I hear you went to the Co-eds' Dance.

Jim: Not me. I can't dance.

Slim: That's no excuse.

S

TOO TRUE!

Mother: Bobbie, come here I've something to show you.

Bobbie: Aw, I don't care, I know what it is.
Brother's home from college again.

Mother: Why, Bobbie, how did you guess?

Bobbie: My bank don't rattle any more.

S

A HOPPER hopped into a hopper,
And in the hopper he died.

Said another wee hopper, inspecting the hopper
"I see there my poppa inside."

BUGHOUSE !! OFFICER !!

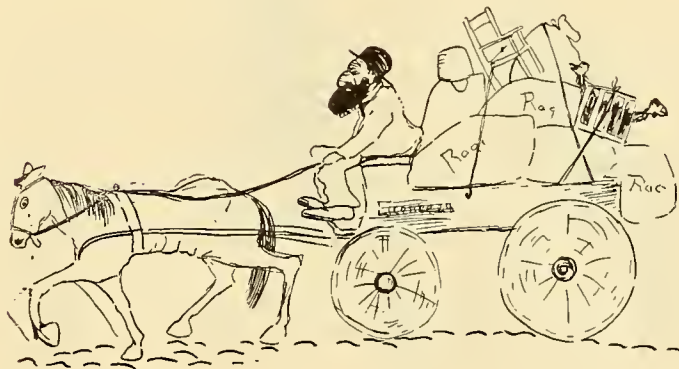
ON THE general farm the new hired man was
seen hunting all through the barns to find the
soil analysis laboratory.

The new dairy expert was heard asking for
some scales and a block and tackle to weigh his
animals with.

Our scientific poultryman culled the flock yes-
terday and killed all the roosters because they
showed no signs of laying.

The new man on the market gardens weeded
the young lettuce the other day and now we have
a fine stand of dandelion well thinned and weed-
ed.

S



Weary Willie: Do you buy old rags and
bones?

Rag-man: Sure, jump on the scales.

S

Junior: Well, Joe, don't go into the bakery
business. It doesn't pay.

Senior: Why not?

Junior: Bakers are always kneeding dough.

S

A SAD "TAIL"

1st Nut: My dog committed suicide.

2nd Ditto: How's that?

1st Nut: He took hold of his tail and said,
"that's the end of me."

THE SQUIB

NAME PLEASE?

Mrs. Brown: I hear your boy, John, has gone to college.

Mrs. Jones: Yes. We sent him to one of those fashionable colleges where they cultivate the mind without using it.

S

THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE

PROF: Mr. Blank, how does organic matter affect soil structure?

Mr. B.: It increases the pore space, sir.

Prof: Why, in your last quiz you said that it made the soil impervious.

Mr. B.: Well, science has made enormous strides lately.

S

Grind—I'm going to get out of the final in English.

Jolly Student—I bet I will, too.

Grind—You will not! You were away below 85.

Jolly Student—That's just the point.

S

LIVES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he racked his brain and scratched his head
"I'd like to meet the man
Who invented the final exam."

S

WE HEREBY notify all New England farmers that the Massachusetts Agricultural College is about to unload about one-hundred efficient, energetic, and capable agricultural experts on the market on or about June 22, 1920. These experts come highly recommended by the college. They all hold certified degrees which give them the legal right to practice as Batchelors of Science. If you have had difficulty in making your farm pay, and wish to retire from active life, you will do well to secure the services of one of these scientific farm managers at once. Act now ! ! The supply is limited.

I WAS SAVING THEM, THO

BOUGHT a pack of cigarettes,
Had a surplus dime,
Passed 'em round among my friends,
Do it every time.

2

Ten were in there when it came,
Bill took one and Pete the same,
Donald lit his with dispatch,
Pinky even asked a match.

3

Harold curled up rings of blue,
Clarence said "Come don't be tight,
Percy thot he'd use one too,
Whistle burned it with delight.

Chorus

Dwindle, dwindle little pack
Will I ever get you back.???
With a smokestick left inside,
For my tongue, so hot and dried????

4

Eight were gone and two remained,
Jacky reached and puffed in joy.
To take the last one none disdained,
Sam received with "At a boy."

5

So the whole blame ten went out,
On the steps we chanced to group on,
But a fellow has to shout
Then, besides, he has the coupon.

S

Prof—Just imagine with what feelings Columbus cabled home to Spain that he had discovered America.

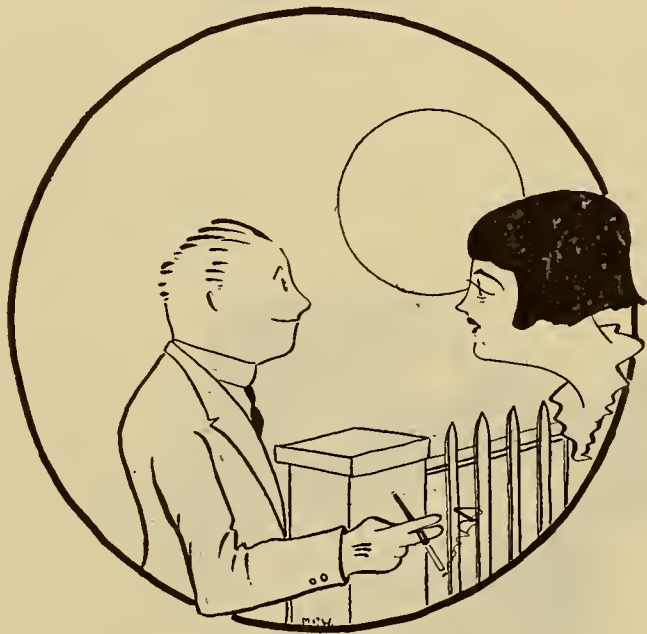
S

"Did yez iver shtop to think that half of the world don't know how the other half gets along?

"You're right," says Mike, "and neither does the other half."



THE SURRENDER



ACTION WANTED

S

SHE: Isn't it glorious to wake up early in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside your window.

He: It's alright to hear the leaves whisper but I can't stand hearing the grass mown!

S

PAGE MESSRS, BARNUM AND BAILEY

True Parisienne French translation:

"He felt death approaching, drew his hand over his fevered brow, and expanded his temples.

S

WHAT HE DREW

THE artist and his girlie
In the quiet studio sat.
He had met her in a burlesque
During intermission chat.

Her slightest wish to him was law,
It made her only dearer,
He asked of her "What shall I draw?"
She said "A little nearer."

S

ROOM—MATES

I slept like a log last night.

Yes, with a saw running through it.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT

or

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC

(One act and one scene of Militarism).

Place: The office of Colonel X.

Time: Springtime.

Characters: Colonel X., U. S. A.

Sargent XX., U. S. A. (retired).

Enter the Colonel tearing his hair with rage. He slams the door behind him, throws himself into his chair, upsetting the spittoon at his right.

Alas! Alas! All has been in vain. All my efforts to obtain a cavalry unit have been futile. My suggestion for the installation of my own, true, beloved part of the army, the only thing about which I know anything at all and am qualified to give instruction in has been rejected by the legislature.

(He lapses into silence, overcome by emotion. His train of thought is interrupted by some one bursting into the room. It is Sargent XX, in a state of great excitement.)

Sargent XX: Colonel! Colonel! Don't you hear them? DON'T YOU HEAR THEM?

(The Colonel and the Sargent listen intently. From the bowels of the Drill Hall, comes a dismal, agonized squeal accompanied by thumps and crashes which shake the building from its very foundation.)

The Colonel's face brightens into a smile of triumph. Ah! Eureka! We may lose the band! We may lose the cavalry! We may lose—But thank God, we have a fife and drum corps.

THE SQUIB

Disertations Upon Familiar Subjects

by Prof. Bigfeeto

No. 1.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

I BELIEVE absolutely in Woman Suffrage and for it will I labor unceasingly day and night. Our opponents say that woman's place is in the home. They give the argument as granted. If they had looked into the matter as I have done, they would believe no such thing.

Ever since the dawn of history in almost all nations women have been in the home, and have made a mess of it. Let them try politics, they will surely do no worse there than in the home.

Look at the ragamuffins on the street, brought up without respect for man, or fear of God; they are woman's work. For a change go to church some Sunday and see what an infinitesimal part of our populace woman has made God-fearing.

"But surely," you think, "woman excells in the domestic art of cooking." Go to the best hotels of New York and see who supervises the cooking, a male chef.

If you want your store windows washed you go to a masculine window washing company.

If there is any domestic art in which women excel I have failed to hear of it. Men would improve on women in the home.

Again since the dawn of history men have monopolized politics, and graft and corruption have been the rule.

Women, when they have left the home, generally surpass men. Examples are Queen Elizabeth, Cleopatra and Mrs. Pankhurst.

Summary: Women are failures in the home and successes in politics, men vice-versa. Therefore let the women govern the country while the men take care of baby.

S

OUR LIST OF COURSES FOR NEXT TERM

Tennis	63
Canoeing	64
Dancing	65
Theaters	66
Lunch	67
Sleep	68

A one-credit seminar in Work 69.

S

WHAT SAY, MOUNTAINEERS?

Ned: I hear you have a new flame over at "The Mountain."

Ed: Do you mean a new icicle?

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN in his recent post bellum prohibition lectures told of the farmer in Kansis who was building a wall around his farm.

"Don't you know," said a neighbor, "that the first big wind will blow over your fence?"

"I was afiggerin' on that, but jest you look at this here wall, three feet high and four feet wide. If the wind blows it over it will be a foot higher than it was before."

S

HUMOR

There's humor on the earth***** they say,
There's humor on the sea.
There's humor e'en in Hell itself,
But that's too deep for me.

S

CLOSE IT QUIETLY

Senior: Have you an opening for an energetic college graduate?

Manager: Yes, it's right behind you.

S

Father: Did you learn a great deal at college this year?

Frosh: Yes sir, I can say, "Thank You", and "If You Please" in French.

Father: Good. I never could teach you to say that in English.

S

1st Frosh: Our class won.

2ud Frosh: Did they? Great! In What?

1st Frosh: In the debate.

2ud Frosh: Oh Piffle.

S

Visitor: "Why is the pond so dirty?"

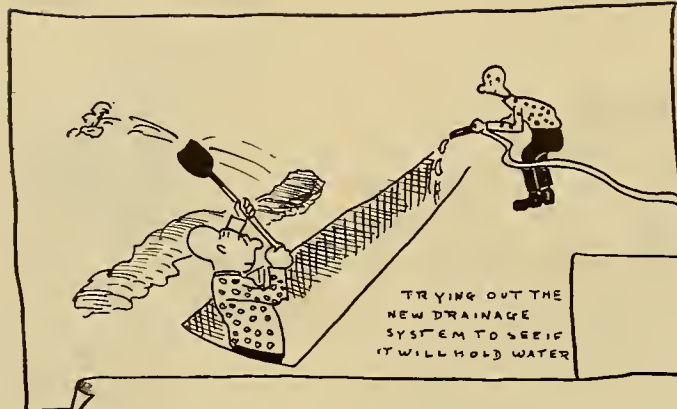
Cruel Soph: "O, they threw a bunch of Freshmen in there."

S

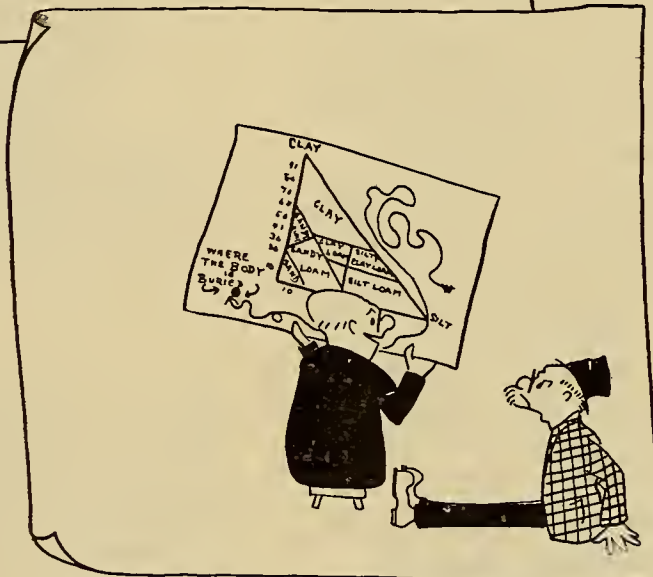
Poultry Student: "These Rhode Island Reds lay big brown eggs, these small White Leghorns lay small white eggs."

Visitor: "And I suppose these hens," pointing to the Barred Rocks, "lay the dirty eggs."

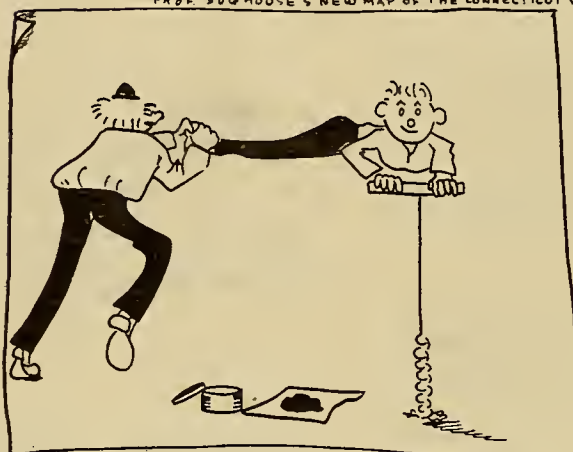
WHY IS THE RUIN A VISIT TO THE CH STOFFE, DUKE DE BE INSANE SOIL EXP



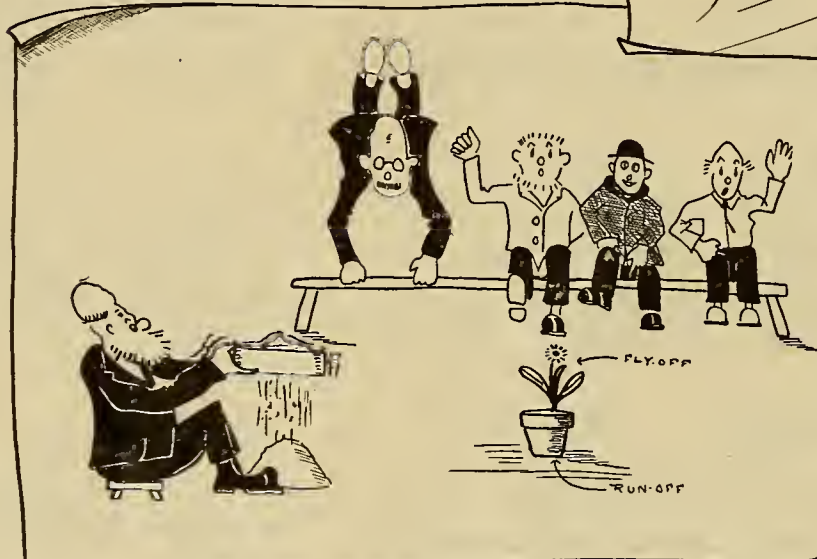
TRYING OUT THE
NEW DRAINAGE
SYSTEM TO SEE IF
IT WILL HOLD WATER



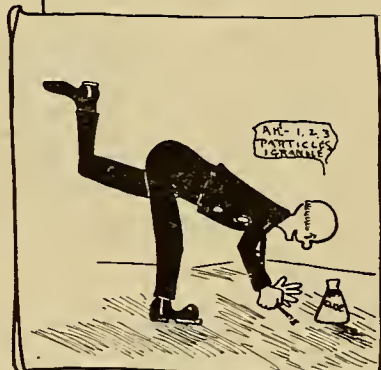
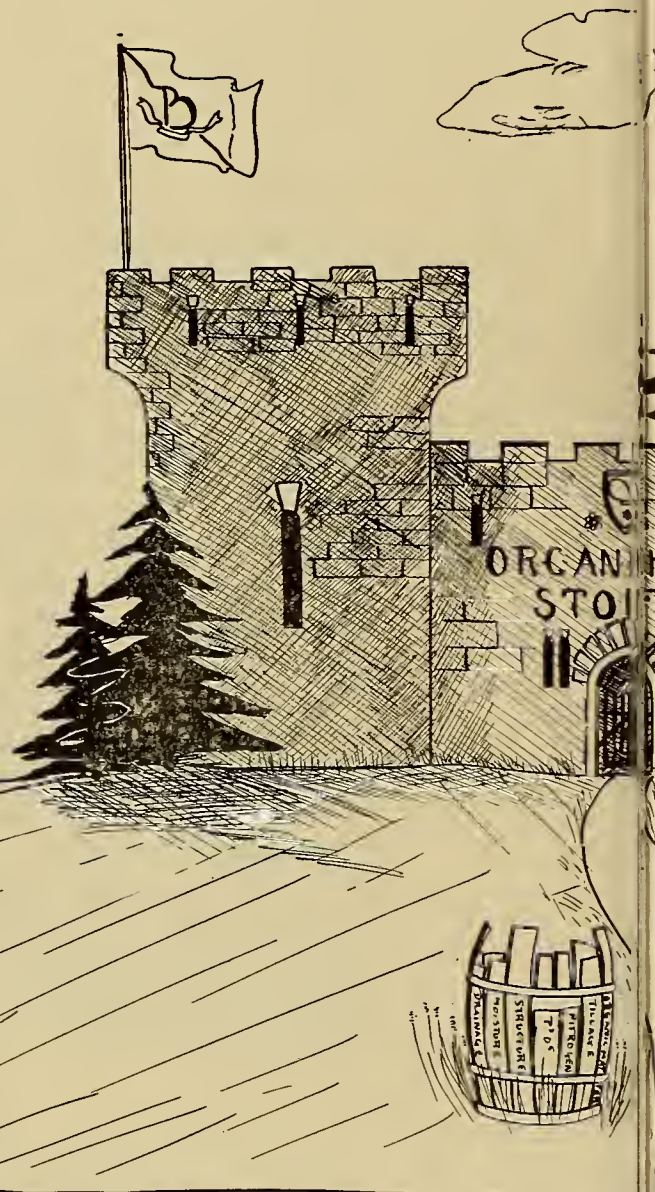
OLD DOC MEASLEITCH, WHO HAS JUST HAD HIS
NEW KETTLE BOSTED BY CONTACT WITH A LUMP OF
PUDDLED CLAY, CAN'T SEE MUCH TO INTEREST HIM IN
PROF BUGHOUSE'S NEW MAP OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY



THE NEW NUTT METHOD OF OBTAINING SOIL
SAMPLES - REQUIRES TWO MEN AND A STEADY HAND



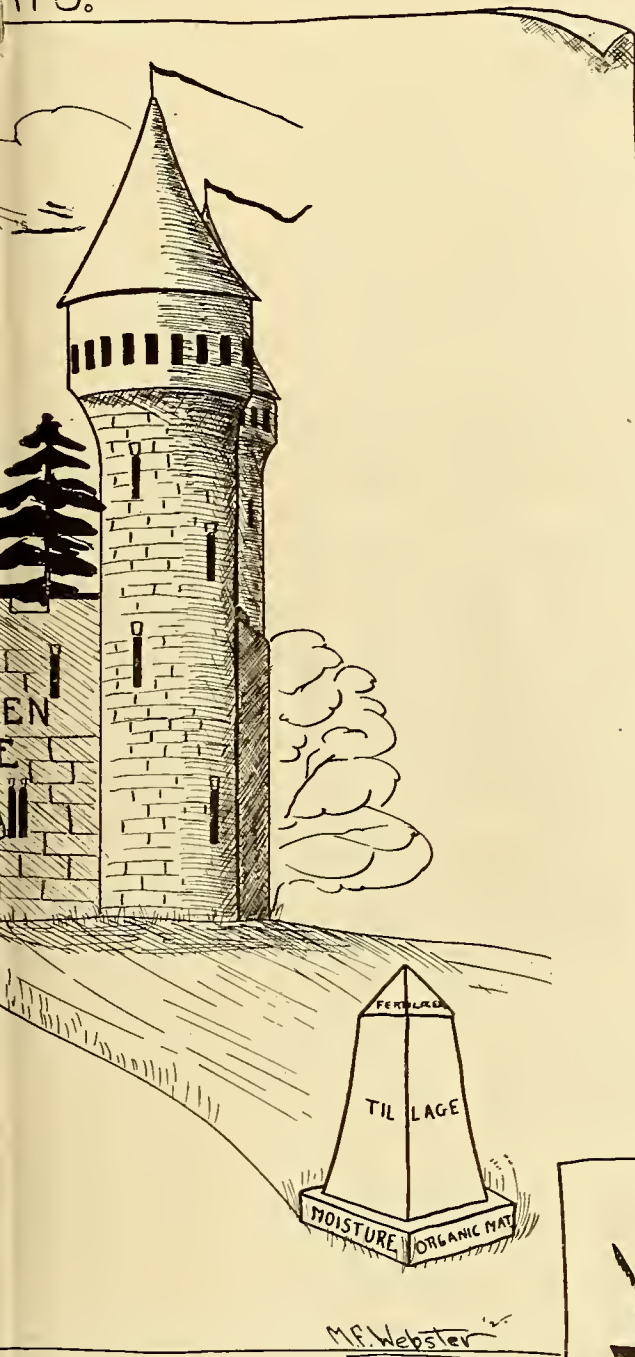
THE ADVANCED CLASS IS PRETTY EVENLY DIVIDED IN THEIR
ATTENTION TO THE DEMONSTRATION IN DIRT SIFTING, AND
THE RACE BETWEEN FLY-OFF AND RUN-OFF



HAND MADE GRANULAR STRUCTURE
BY THIS METHOD THE CHATEAU INMATES
HOPE TO REVOLUTIONIZE TILLAGE

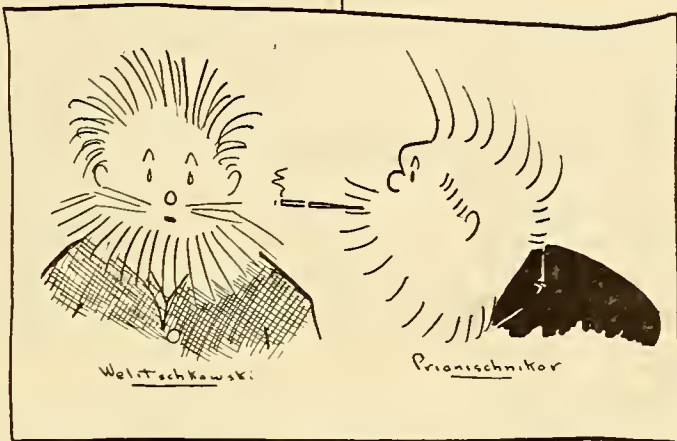
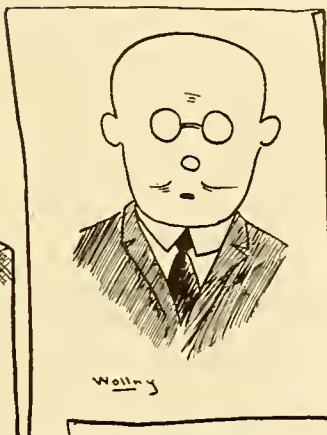
THIS
WAS
AN

A L PROBLEM?
 TEAU, ORGANISCHEN
 MONTEE'S NEW HOME FOR
 RTS.



THE ONLY TIME HYGROSCOPIC
 WAS EVER COLLECTED. YOU CAN DO
 WITH A GOOD IMAGINATION.

SOME OF THE MAIN CHEESES IN THE BUSINESS ARE
 SHOWN BELOW. THEY WON A GREAT DEAL OF PRESTIGE
 IN THEIR DAY ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR LINGUISTIC ABILITY,
 AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOOTNOTES IN "LYON FIPPIN" and "BUCKMAN".
 THEY COULD TALK IN ANY LANGUAGE, INCLUDING CHINESE, POLISH,
 AND FRENCH-CAVABIAN.



DUKE ALEXIS BEAUME
 DE BEAU MONTEE
 LORD OF THE CHATEAU, AND
 EXPONENT OF AGROMANIACAL
 RESEARCH



YOU CAN EASILY PRONOUNCE THEIR
 NAMES BY FOLLOWING THESE
 INSTRUCTIONS — BALANCE A
 COUGH DROP ON YOUR LEFT REAR
 TOOTH, PUT A MARBLE OR A SMALL
 PEBBLE UNDER YOUR TONGUE, TICKLE
 YOUR NOSE WITH A FEATHER, AND SAY
 "UNCLE".

THE SQUIB

10-Aker Farm,
Shutesham, Mass.

Sears and Roebuck Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dere Mr. Sears:

i didn't no whether yew or yewr pardner opened the male, but i spos so long ez yewr together it don't make no difference. Say, i wuz awrful serprised to get yewr lettre. i thought yewd fergot me a long time sence. Gosh, but yew've got a good memry. Must a bin nigh onto tew years sence Lizzy bought thet saaspan offn yew. Say, Mr. Sears, that was an allfired fine pan. Perhaps yew don't remember it, it hed a long handel and shone like a brass doller, sos to speke with a hole in it to hang it over the sink. By crimus, my wife's cooked more injin puddin in that saaspan than yew cud shake a hay fork at. Ef yew got another jes like it, yew right and let me no and mebbe i'll by it. Say, Mr. Sears, dus yewr wife ever make injin puddin? Ef yew want, i'll have Lizzy take down the receet and send it to yer. After workin in the store all day it'll taste durned good, i'll tell yer. I see by the book that yer sent me that yew hev some underware to sell. Haow much do yer ask for them apeace thets marked tew dollers and 1-2 in the book. i'd drather hev the red flannel kind that don't ich by legs. i don't no of nuthin else. My folks are all well, cept my oldest gal, Sally, whose got a durned bad corn on her write fut. dew yew keep corn plasterers? i hope yewers are the same. Much obliged for writin.

Good luck to yer.

Yours truley,

LEM HASKINS.

P. S. Yew fellers don't need a good offis boy, dew yer? My Hen, who raised the best porker in the cownty last yeer, has jest finished schule and needs a job. Ef yer dew, jest say the word and send his fair.

LEM.

S

BETTER THAN BUTTER

She: I'm going to call you Oleo.

He: Why call me that?

She: Oh you're just a substitute.

S

SHE FELT TOO STRONG

Fred: Have a Life Saver.

Freda: How did you know I had onions for supper?

THE SQUIB

THE A B C's OF THE SENIOR CLASS

(10 Years Hence.)

Editor's note:—Squibby has never resorted to personal humor except on very momentous occasions. This is one of them. Owing to the enormous size of the Senior Class we are obliged to select a representative for each letter of the alphabet. We do not want those who are left out to feel slighted. We can't lick the whole class.

APSEY after graduating put into practice the idea of a Fussing Bureau. For the small price of a dollar George will fix up a date with a Smith or Mt. Holyoke girl to suit the taste of the student.

BERMAN is considered the most successful shoe salesman in New York. He can fit a shoe without stooping.

CARD has managed to get Sunday night suppers by drawing a mate unto himself to make one pair. Some day he will draw a full house.

DOWD, B. Sc., M. A., L. L. D., is a member of Phi Kappa Phi, and at present heads the poultry department at M. A. C.

EARLY is running the California Rock Crushery and advertises that breaking hard hearts is her specialty.

FRELLICK is going to join the Association of Teachers of the young and feeble-minded before he gets far out of college. He claims that the union is the salvation of the dollar.

GLAVIN will take a hand at gazing at Niagara Falls in moving pictures to determine the amount of anærobic bacteria which pass over a space one inch wide.

HOWE lived the life of a cat for nine years. Run over twice by his own Ford, drank two quarts of wood Alky and married an extra large Swedish girl by the name of Bridget O'Ryan.

IZZY WISE was kicked out for telling lies.

JAKEMAN, ball played de luxe, will bring into action that marvelous squeeze play so often used in the game with Cupid. Then he will make a home run after being put out for trying to steal a second.

KORN-BORER has been leading a fast life trying to keep ahead of the Aggie mid-summer hunters.

LITTLEFIELD is the foremost photographer in Garlietown. Cy's photo of me was not successful owing to his cow's entering the back-door and overturning the tripod.

MACLEOD has been having wonderful success with his two shows "The Naughty Nighty" "Ten Nights in a Bedlam." His biggest is entitled "Papa's Pants Will Soon Fit Willie."

NOBODY is a successful farmer. Congratulations to nobody.

OERTEL is considering the advisability of investing money in wildeat stock which he considers a proper branch of the animal husbandry work to follow. If the stock don't come up to his expectations he says he is going to make someone scratch.

PECKHAM designs Rolling Landscapes to beautify the wheeled dog carts of East Boston.

QUADLAND made a fortune by cornering the market of whiskey corks and beer bottle caps which sold at six bucks per dozen. He retired to his summer home "Blue Moon by the Sea" in Kansas.

ROBERTS, "Mark Anthony," was seen delivering the funeral sermon of the world's last great Bolshevik. Mark Anthony would certainly have caused a revolution had his keepers not intervened.

SSUSIE SMITH published her noted book entitled "M. A. C. the Co-ed's Paradise." In this work she praised the educational atmosphere of the campus and the wonderful young professors.

TAYLOR is heard from often. Every morning he stops at the house and leaves a bottle marked, "Incomparable Milk" guaranteed by Rusty Taylor, B. Sc."

URQUHART is now known as Burbank the Second. Thru the mixing of the pollen of corn and beans he succeeded in obtaining a new vegetable called succatash.

VOL. ATILE has been slowly evaporating ever since he left college.

WILLIAMS is proprietor of a side show. His assistant will photograph you either beside the "fattest man in the world" or beside the cow with the world's highest record for skim milk.

XMAS is the only holiday now observed at M. A. C.

Y cannot boast of any great achievements..

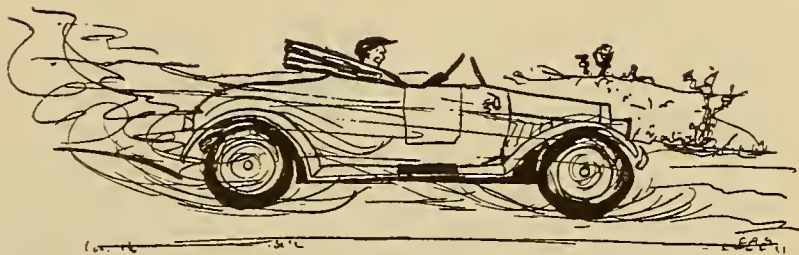
ZOO is engaged in the task of ridding Amherst and its vicinity of all stray cats.

He was so deeply in love with himself that his marriage was little short of bigamy.

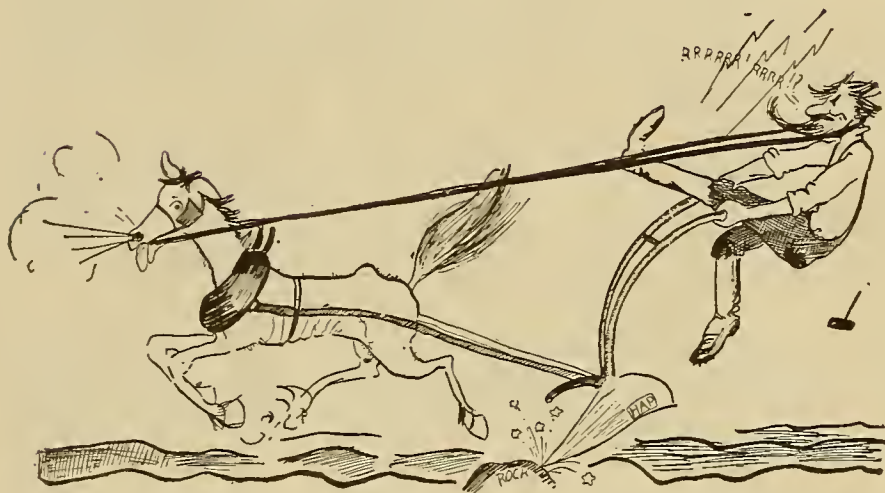
S

A pair in a hammock
Started to kiss.
In less than a jiffy
They landed like this:

S



THE DREAM



THE REALITY

S

Lady with a misconceived idea of the Banquet Season: "And I understand that the Sophomores tender the Freshmen a banquet every year."

Big Soph; "Yes, ma'am, we 'give it to 'em' to the best of our ability."

S

Prof: Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.—Ex.

SENIOR CANES

OH! the man what gets the winks
From he sweetest of the janets,
A'int the one what owns the fliver
For the girl across the River
Falls the hardest for the ginks
With their canes!

Oh! the guy what's won his letter
With a bunch of work and pains
A'int in it for a minute
With the mutts what didn't win it,
(But look a darn sight better
With their canes!)

Oh! I like to see the fellers
What's had the pluck or brains
To keep old Aggie going
By working, (and not blowing)
For they sure are perfect hellers
With their canes!

But it angers us Hill Billies
To see all the "Lovers' Lanes"
Filled with lots of blooming blokes
What the college calls its "jokes"
(Most as swell as Amherst Willies)
With their canes!

S

HIS REAL ACCOMPLISHMENT

A little boy was on his knees recently one night, and auntie staying at the house, was present. "It is a pleasure," she said to him, afterward, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak so earnestly and seriously, and mean what you say, and care about it." "Ah!" he answered, ah, but, auntie, you should hear me gargle!"

—Tid-Bits.

S

"Can you give me a nice quiet room?"

"Oh, yes, I have one over the bowling alley. You can hear a pin drop."



NEW WAY OF RUNNING TRACK MEETS.
(Water Races)

— THE SENIORS AND THEIR CANES —



The long and
the short of it

Even the co-eds
wear 'em!

Some are a
bit scarred

They may come in handy—
sometime

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

He had just stopped on the landing in mid-Atlantic for more gas. While the Socony mechanic was turning the pump handle the traveler thought there was something familiar about him which he could not quite recall.

“By the shades of my pet monkey-wrench which my showfer dropped on the seventy-third meridian you look like someone I used to know in my past life. Hey, showfer, bring hither little Ouija; she'll give me the desired information.”

Ouija declares: “He was in the Class of 1920 at M. A. C. His name was Charles — — — before he married that jane that used to bring him over to the informals at Smith. Now his name is Pensery.”

“Well, well, so this is where Charlie finally came.” Goes over to the pump and greets his long lost classmate with the usual effusion and gush customary on such occasions.

“Well, George,” says Charlie, “have you managed to get a woman to propose to you?”

“Not on your life” returned the traveler, “ever since the politicians passed that twenty-second amendment to the constitution that the man should take on the woman's last name when she married him I've steered clear of any entangling alliances. And when they declared an excise tax on unmarried men of 85 per cent of their assessed valuation I have kept away from the country. They have had some of their plaguey flying policewomen after me and that plane coming from the northwest looks like one of them. Sorry to leave you, old dear, but I must be hopping off.”

ODE TO POETRY

(Another English 27 Prize Winner)

I PULLED my chair up to my desk,
Cursing this poem I confess,
Wishing myself a poet true,
All full of verses thru and thru,
But all my wishes were for naught
For this is what my fancy brought.

Dan Chaucer, Milton, Walter Scott
Were all good poets, I am not,
Altho my heart with ardor yearns
To be a Wordsworth or a Burns.
A-writing rhymes without a peer
Like Thomas Gray or Bill Shakespeare,
Or Tennyson or Sandy Pope
Or Coleridge who took all the dope.
I like Scott's Lady of the Lake
And all the ghosts of William Blake,
I like their style, I like their verse
But—fear they'll put me in my hearse!
And now my twenty lines are said
It's time for me to go to bed.

S

AMHERST?

Bystander—Where are you going?

Fire Dept.—There's a fire down in South Amherst.

Bystander—But there's another fire in North Amherst.

Fire Dept.—Keep it going, I'll be right back.

S

A maiden lived out in Dakota,
I knew her address and I wrote her,
I offered my hand, my love understand,
She queried,
“What kind of a motor?”

S

HEARD AMONG THE FUMES

Chem. Prof. to Frosh—Give that pottasium cyanide to the assistant, and he will take it over in the corner.

Frosh—If he only would.

TENNIS WORSE THAN TWO

Bill—“How did you come out in your tennis match with May?”

Hen.—“Oh, I loved her and she hated me for it.”

S

SOME 'ER JOB

Jim—What kind of a job have you got for the summer?

Jams—One that's on the level.

Lim—What doing, laying bricks?

Jams—No, surveying.

S



WE MAY COME TO THIS YET
IF PAPER KEEPS GOING UP

S

ACTIONS SPEAK

Bertha Mae—So you told Paul of your love?

Sister Clara—Well—a—not just exactly that—we just went through the motions.—Awwgan.

S

Rummy—Say, but I gotta swell job this summer. Easy work.

Roomy—I bite, what is it?

Rummy—Workin' in a bolt factory doin' 'nuttin.'

—The Widow.

THE SQUIB

REGINALD: Let's start a purity league and stop swearing for a given length of time.

Dingbat: All right.

Reginald: How long shall we make it?

Dingbat: Until 9.00 o'clock. I start studying for Ag. Ec. then.

S

TWO TRAVELING SALESMEN.

1—Well what's your business?

2—Oh I am a salesman.

1—What line?

2—Salt.

1—I see, a salt cellar.

2—Shake.

S

THERE is a man at M. A. C.

Who visits Smith quite frequently

And when he finds a girl he likes

And in some corner holds her tight

She leans towards him and says "My Dear"

Won't you take me to the Hop this year?

S

HOWARD—"Did your aunt remember you in her will?"

Henry—"Sure she did. Directed her executors to collect all the loans she had made me."

S

He put his arm around her waist.

She said—not gently—"SIR!"

And as he gently lowered it

She whispered, "As you were."

Stude: Sir I want permission to be away three days after the end of vacation.

Dean: Ah, you want three more days of grace?

Stude: No; three more days of Gertrude!

S

MEAN MAN

The young bride in the Saxe-blue jumper bit her bun sadly. "Men are really too mean for anything," she said. "What's the trouble asked the girl in the pink georget sash, toying with an eclair. "Why, I asked John for a motor-car to-day and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that Nature had given me."

—Pearson's Weekly.

S

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

Dr. Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing Mrs. Gassoway, when she stopped in the doorway exclaiming, "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated."

"I know it isn't" said the doctor wearily. "You never find grass on a race track."

S

We could all have automobiles, but who wants to be bothered with the weekly payments.

S

YOU SAID SOMETHING

She—How did you get home, vacation?

He—Hocking.

She—Hocking Valley?

He—No, hocking clothes.—Sun Dial.

Helpful Glasses

Students appreciate the help of our accurately-fitted, properly-designed glasses.

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Dancing in the main restaurant every evening,
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SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA

Special Concert Every Sunday Evening

Mother—"Mary, dear, I hope you always reject all the advances of those college boys."

Mary—"Yes, Mother, whenever one of them throws me a kiss I always throw it right back."

—Brown Jug

CEMENT FOR A JOKE!

Dink—"Let's eat."

Dunk—"Where'll we go?"

Dink—"Let's eat up the street."

Dunk—"No, thanks. Don't care for asphalt."

—Brown Jug

"My boy's letters from college always send me to the dictionary."

"You're lucky. My boy's always send me to the bank."

—Awgwan

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WELL, WELL

A modest girl was Violet Dale,
So modest, coy and shy;
She always wore a dotted veil
To clothe her naked eye.

—Lehigh Burr

"Do you think that I can make her happy?"

"Well she will always have something to laugh at!"

—Yale Record

It—"Corkin' day. What do you say to a tramp in the woods?"

She—"Sir, I never speak to them!"

—Brown Jug

HEAVY STUFF

She—"How many hours are you carrying?"

He—"Oh, I'm carrying about five, and dragging ten."

—Orange Peel

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PROMISING

Sadie—"I notice that Clara has been playing around with just about anyone who asked her, in the last few weeks."

Sue—"Yes, rather prom—iscuously."

—Gargoyle

HEARD AFTER EXAMS

"You look tired tonight, what's the matter?"

"I am tired, I have a job."

"And when did you start?"

"Tomorrow."

—Lehigh Burr

A DESIRABLE POSITION

Anode—"Mabel's dress reminds me of the Saturday Evening Post."

Cathode—"How's that?"

Anode—"She runs a full page cut advertisement for a frontispiece."

—Voo-Doo

Black—"Did you ever go fishing with a girl?"

White—"Once."

Black—"Did she protest against hurting the fish?"

White—"No, she said she was sure they were all perfectly happy because they were wagging their tails."

—Voo-Doo

How well do I remember,
It was late in last December,
I was walking down the street in manly pride,
My heart began to flutter,
And I fell into the gutter,
A pig came up and laid down by my side.

As I lay there in the gutter,
With my heart still all a flutter,
A lady passing by did chance to say—
You can tell a man that boozes
By the company he chooses,
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

—Voo-Doo

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our stock at any time.*

Mrs. B.—"I can't understand why my son spends so much time over at your place."

Mrs. C.—"I was listening last night and I think the boys are planning to marry soon. Charles continually said he would raise one and my Bill made it two."

—Froth

◆ ◆ ◆
"Did you accept the Phi Pi's bid?"
"Had to, they bid me adieu."

—Froth

◆ ◆ ◆
HANGOVER IS HEAVY IN SUPERIOR COURT
—Daily Paper

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